

NATIONAL COMICS

10¢

Starring
UNCLE SAM

AMERICA'S
GREATEST
CHARACTER



Wonder
Boy

MERLIN
THE MAGICIAN

SALLY O'NEIL
POLICEWOMAN

[illegible]

DON'T MISS THIS HIT!

THE NEWEST, MOST POPULAR COMIC MAGAZINE

HERCULES

**THE
STRONGEST
MAN IN THE
WORLD**

THE RED BEE

WITH THE
SPEED OF A
STINGING WASP
THE RED BEE
ELUDES THE
POLICE AND
BATTLES THE
UNDERWORLD



NEON
• **THE**
UNKNOWN
AN AMAZING
NEW
CHARACTER

THE STRANGE TWINS

**TWO BROTHERS
BOTH LOOKING
EXACTLY ALIKE
YET UNKNOWN
TO EACH OTHER
FIGHTING A
RELENTLESS
STRUGGLE**

**BOB and SWAB,
X-5 SUPER AGENT
ONE AMERICAN AGENT
BATTLES A ONE-MAN
WAR ON ENEMY SPIES**

TWO OF THE TOUGHEST GUYS IN THE SERVICE

CASEY JONES DRIVES HIS CRACK TRAIN ACROSS SHINING RAILS THROUGH DANGER

EVERY RED-BLOODED READER WHO LOVES FAST, THRILLING, ACTION AND MYSTERY WILL WANT TO BUY THIS MONTH'S HIT COMICS.

1. THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION August 1949 No. 2. Published monthly by Robert Maguire for 1949 W. and M. Cleveland (aka. Rosemary).
2. Published from 1949 Number 101. Main title: "National Association of Women General Managers". Title subscription \$1.50 plus
3. Some of the pages are 1-5. Difference 1-5. Covered on our release matter March 1948 at the 1st of the Cleveland (aka.
4. The magazine and events covered therein are entirely false. The latter covers the report
5. The National Association of Women General Managers, 1949 Cleveland, Ohio. New York: W. M. Cleveland.

UNCLE SAM

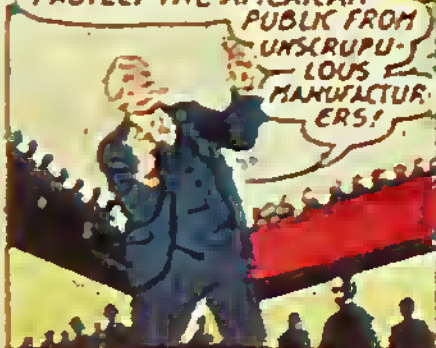
BY
W.M.
EISNER

*Smashing the
Enemies of Free
Speech!*

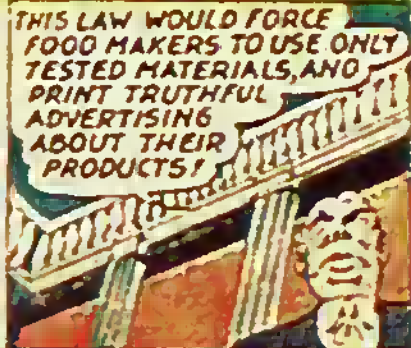


GENTLEMEN! CHEAP POISON-
OUS FOODS MUST BE
CHECKED! MY BILL WOULD
PROTECT THE AMERICAN

PUBLIC FROM
UNSCRUPU-
LOUS
MANUFACTUR-
ERS!

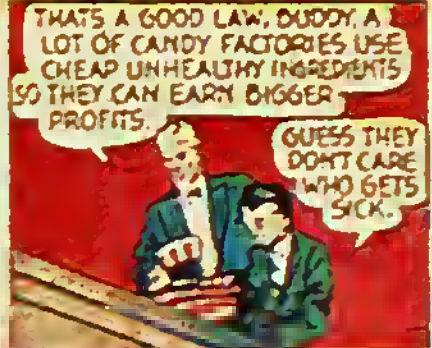


THIS LAW WOULD FORCE
FOOD MAKERS TO USE ONLY
TESTED MATERIALS, AND
PRINT TRUTHFUL
ADVERTISING
ABOUT THEIR
PRODUCTS!



THAT'S A GOOD LAW, DUDDY, A
LOT OF CANDY FACTORIES USE
CHEAP UNHEALTHY INGREDIENTS
SO THEY CAN EARN BIGGER
PROFITS.

GUESS THEY
DON'T CARE
WHO GETS
SICK.



THIS IS THE REAL FRONTIER OF AMERICA... IT IS HERE WHERE THE REAL MEANING OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY IS TESTED HERE LAWS ARE MADE THAT COMBAT EVIL AND GIVE HAPPINESS. FREEDOM AND SECURITY.

LET US SHIFT OUR GAZE TO ANOTHER PART OF THE GALLERY WHERE TWO MEN WATCH INTENTLY. SUDDENLY ONE RISES

AND RUSHES TO A NEARBY PHONE BOOTH IN THE HALL.

LATER, SENATOR GROVER IS ACCOSTED BY TWO MEN.

HELLO, CHIEF, LISTEN, THEY ARE GONNA VOTE ON THAT BILL TOMORROW. LOOKS LIKE GROVER'S GONNA PUSH IT THROUGH.

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT BILL! NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY. GET TO SENATOR GROVER. WORK ON HIM! ANYTHING GOES! SAVVY? ANYTHING? "ELUCK!"

KEEP WALKING, SENATOR! THIS IS A GUN IN YOUR RIBS.

WE'RE GOING UP TO THE HOTEL AND TALK!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE SENSIBLE, SENATOR, SOME MIGHTY WEALTHY GUYS DON'T WANT THAT BILL PASSED. WE'RE GOING TO STAY WITH YA UNTIL YOU DEFEAT IT!

WHY TH THIS IS--

HOURS OF TORTURE AND GRILLING FINALLY BREAKS THE AGED SENATOR.

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

OKAY, BOSS, HE BROKE. WE'LL BE HIS BODY GUARDS. NO ONE WILL GET TO HIM. IF HE TRIES ANY TRICKS...

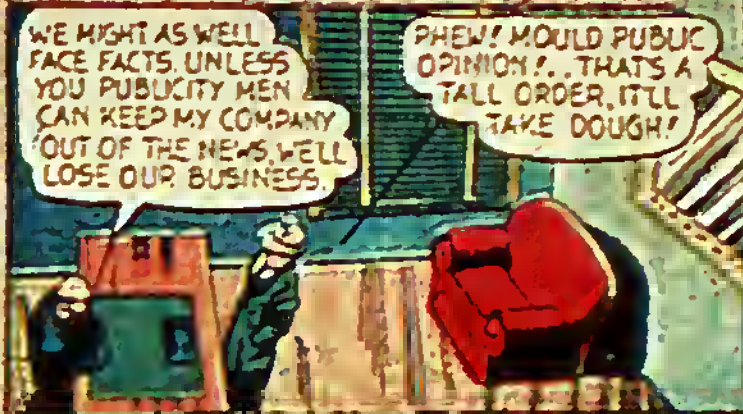
SENATOR GROVER TURNS ABOUT. FIGHTS OWN BILL! Debates passage after a dramatic session of the House.

HOUSE VOTE ON FOR BILL

GROVER BILL DEFEATED IN CLOSE VOTE! SENATOR DENOUNCES OWN BILL AS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

ALL DAY WORKING OVERTIME

IN THE SUMPTUOUS OFFICES OF THE BIG CANDY MAGNATE J.P. POTTER, A PRESS CONFERENCE IS BEING HELD.



DON'T LET COST DETER YOU. HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS TO OPEN THE CAMPAIGN.



AND REMEMBER, I'VE PLENTY MORE. THE NEWSPAPERS MUST BE SILENCED. THREATEN TO DROP MY ADS. ANYTHING!



THUS, BEHIND THE SILENT PRESS, CHILDREN POISONED BY CHEAP CANDY CROWD THE CLINICS, SUFFER PAINFUL ILLNESSES, THEIR CASES UNHEARD BY THE PUBLIC.



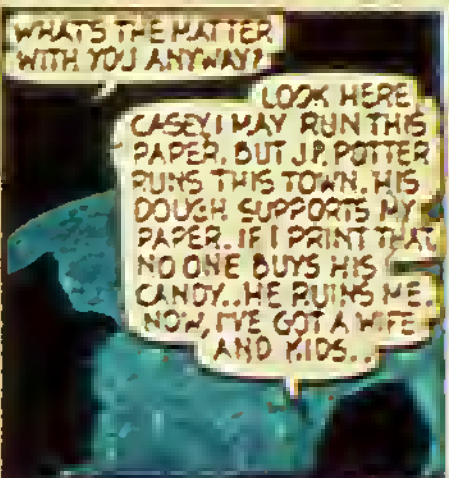
IN THE OFFICE OF THE CANDY CITY NEWS

HEY, CHIEF! I'VE GOT A SCOOP! KIDS HAVE BEEN DROPPING BY THE HUNDREDS... CHEAP CANDY...



WELL AREN'THA GLAD? THIS'LL BLOW THE LID OFF-

YEH-YEH-O.K. TOSS IT INTO THE WASTE BASKET. I CAN'T USE IT!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU ANYWAY?

LOOK HERE, CASEY. I MAY RUN THIS PAPER, BUT J.P. POTTER RUNS THIS TOWN. HIS DOUGH SUPPORTS MY PAPER. IF I PRINT THAT NO ONE BUYS HIS CANDY.. HE RUINS ME. NOW, I'VE GOT A WIFE AND KIDS...



SO THAT'S IT? HE SHUTS YOU UP! DEMOCRACY. FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. NUTS! I OUTFIT THIS YELLOW SHEET!

SORRY, KID.



YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE NEWS PAPER PROFESSION!



YOU'RE RIGHT, KID. YOU'RE RIGHT.. THE WORST PART OF IT IS THAT I KNOW IT!



OLD MAN POTTER'S DOUGH CAN'T BUY ME. I'LL PRINT MY OWN PAPER!

AND FROM THE TINY PRESS,
POURS A TORRENT OF
EXPOSING LEAFLETS. . . .

THIS MUST BE STOPPED!
WHO IS THIS UPSTART?
OFFER HIM MONEY! THREATEN
HIM! ANYTHING! ONLY
SHUT HIM UP!

WHAT DO
THESE
HANDBILLS
MEAN
UNCLE
SAM?

THEY MEAN THAT
SOMEONE HAS
THE COURAGE
TO PRINT THE
TRUTH. WHO-
EVER IT IS, HE'S
GOING TO NEED
OUR HELP!

IN CANDY CITY, CASEY WORKS
AT THE TINY PRESS.

HEY
YOU!

YOU MIGHT AS
WELL QUIT! I
WE'RE SMASHING
YOUR PRESSES!

OVER MY
DEAD BODY!

YOU'VE GIVEN ME
AN IDEA, PAL!



WHEW! THANKS,
MISTER. WHOEVER
YOU ARE, MY
NAME'S CASEY.
"SCOOP" CASEY.
STAGIN' A ONE
MAN WAR AGAINST
J.P. POTTER!

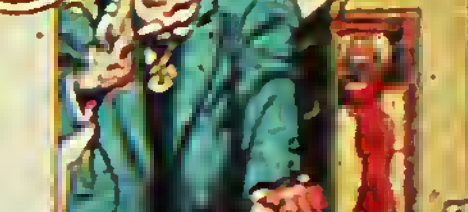
CALL ME
UNCLE
SAM. YOU'VE
YOURSELF A
COUPLE OF
RECRUITS
IN US.

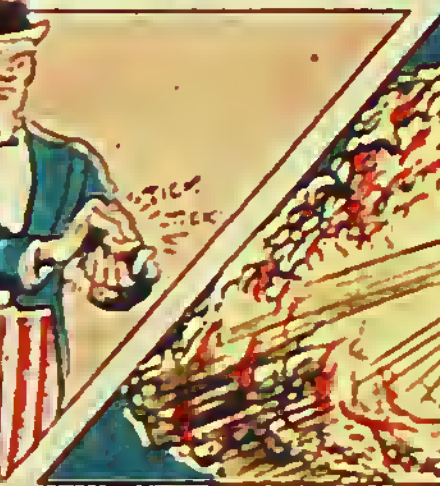
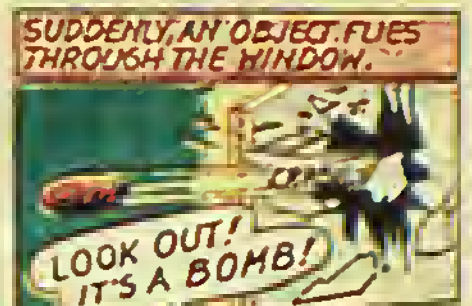
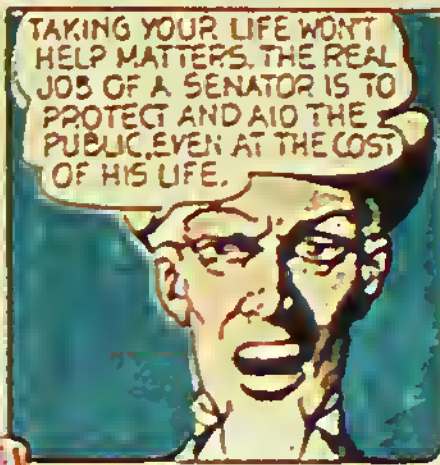
NOW, HERE'S OUR PLAN.
BUDDY, YOU'LL STAY HERE
AND KEEP THOSE PRESSES
RUNNING. "SCOOP" YOU AND
I WILL VISIT SENATOR
GROVER.

I'M THROUGH! I'VE SOLD
OUT MY
PEOPLE!

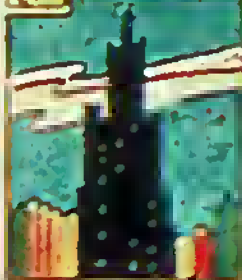
AT
SENATOR
GROVER'S
HOUSE.

FATHER!
NO-DONT!





ATOP CANDY CITY'S ONE AND ONLY SKYSCRAPER.



WELL, BOYS, YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB. SO FAR EVERY THING'S BEEN KEPT QUIET.



JUST KEEP HANDIN' OUT THE DOUGH.

AT THE CANDY CITY NEWS.

IF I KEEP ON SMASHING IN DOORS, SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO GET SORE. I'LL HAVE TO STOP IT.



STOP THE PRESSES!



HOLD THE FIRST PAGE OPEN FOR A HEADLINE THAT WILL FREE THE PRESS FROM THE YOKE OF J.P. POTTER.



AND YOU MR. EDITOR, HAVE NEWSREELS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS AT THE POTTER BUILDING IN HALF AN HOUR.



YEH, YEH, O.K.

TEN MINUTES LATER, WE FIND UNCLE SAM CLIMBING UP THE SIDE OF THE POTTER BUILDING.



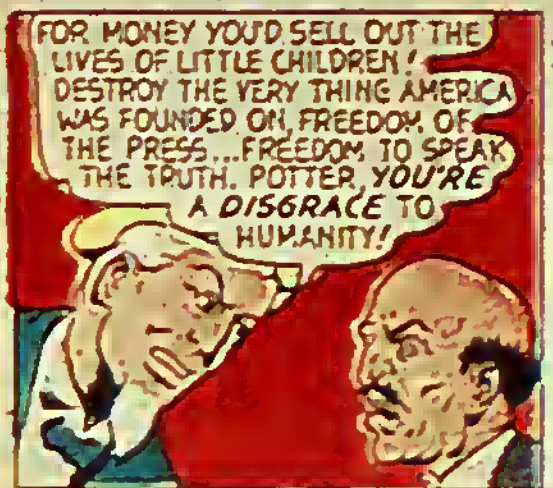
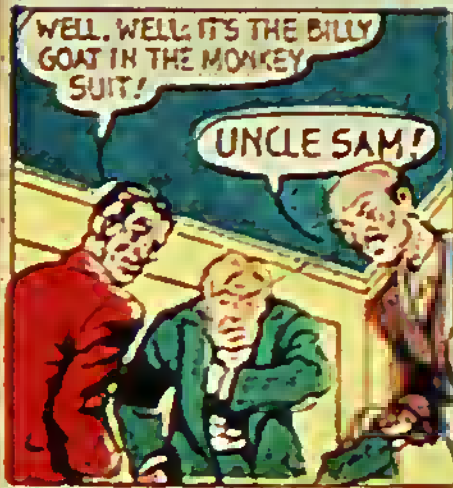
I HATE ELEVATORS. THEY MAKE ME NERVOUS.

SUDDENLY, HEAR THE TOP A LOOSE BRICK AND UNCLE SAM HURTLES DOWNWARD.



EVENIN', GENTLEMEN.

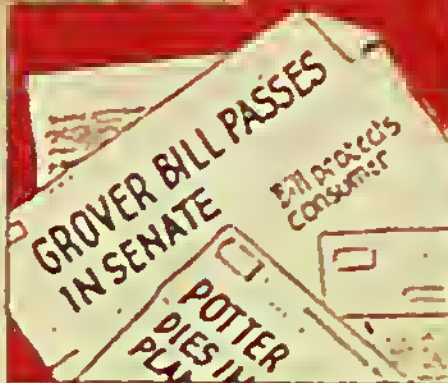






UNCLE SAM'S POWERFUL HANDS GRIP THE SHIP, HALTING IT IN MID AIR

LIBERATED AT LAST, THE PRESS AND SENATOR GROVER WORK FOR THE NEW LAW.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE GROVER HOME

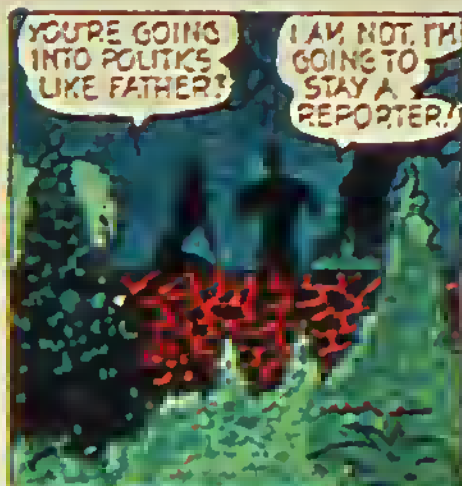


WHY ARE WE BACK HERE, UNCLE SAM? I THOUGHT THIS CASE WAS CLOSED.

SHH.. NO, THERE'S JUST ONE THING MORE-I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

YOU'RE GOING INTO POLITICS LIKE FATHER?

I AM, NOT. I'M GOING TO STAY A REPORTER!



A FINE FUTURE! HMPF! WELL FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER WIFE.

SUITS ME.

HERE NOW, YOU TWO!



IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT A MAN DOES, AS LONG AS HE'S THE BEST AT IT!



NOW YOU TWO, KISS AND MAKE UP.

OH, UNCLE SAM, I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL.



DUM DEEDLE DEE DUM

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



JUST SETTLING A LITTLE DOMESTIC PROBLEM..

HMM, SO I SEE.



BACK AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, A TENSE GROUP WANTS OUTSIDE THE DARK ROOM.

BOY! JUST THINK, A PHOTOGRAPH OF UNCLE SAM! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TILL FLASH DEVELOPES IT!

WHAT A SCOOP!



LOOK, BOSS! LOOK! LOOK!

THE NEGATIVE AT LAST!



WELL I'LL BE! EVERYTHING PHOTOGRAPHED EXCEPT HIM!



AND SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA ALONG A DUSTY ROAD, IN SEARCH OF NEW ADVENTURES...

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT UNCLE SAM! DO NOT MISS HIS NEXT ADVENTURE.



Drop POWERS

WINGS OF DEATH OVER LONDON... THE ACE TRANSPORT PILOT MEETS WITH LIFE-RISKING ADVENTURE.

BY LYNN BYRD

AT A HIDDEN AIR BASE, PROP POWERS AND HIS CO-PILOT, JIM, ENTER A FAST SEAPLANE.



WITH A BOAR, THE MOTORS OF THE SLEEPER LINER SPRING TO LIFE...



HE'S CARRYING PLANE FOR A SUPER-BOMBER FOR ENGLAND! OUR OTHER TWO PASSENGERS ARE FOREIGN OFFICIALS!



AS THE PLANE DRONES ON, THE PASSENGERS SIT IN UTTER BOREDOM...



OUR JOB IS TO GET THEM SAFELY TO ENGLAND!



MEANWHILE, AT CLAYTON AIR TERMINAL, ENGLAND, THE PHONE RINGS IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE.



OH, HELLO, MAJOR FAWCETT! YES, PROP POWERS IS DUE IN ONE HOUR? YOU'RE WELCOME!



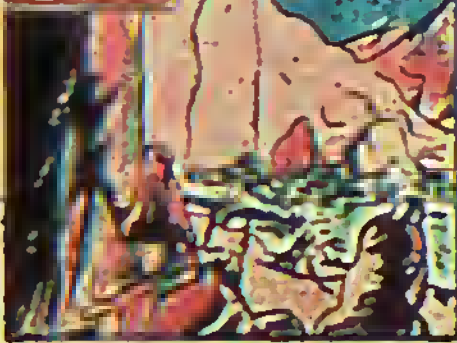
CAPTAIN ROY, TAKE YOUR DETAIL AND LEAVE FOR CLAYTON AIRPORT! POWERS WILL BE THERE AT ONE O'CLOCK SHARP!



BUT PROP IS RUNNING INTO TROUBLE, BLACK RAIN CLOUDS SUDDENLY ENVELOP THE PLANE.



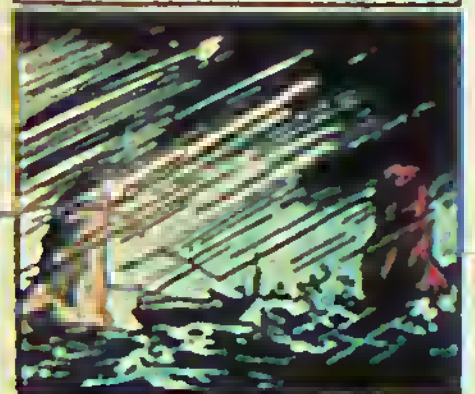
AT THE SAME TIME A SUBMARINE PREPARES TO LEAVE ITS HIDDEN BASE OFF AN ISLAND NORTH OF BRITAIN...



LOAD THAT STUFF AND CAST YOUR LINES OFF! FULL SPEED AHEAD!



THE STORM BREAKS AS THE SUBMARINE HEADS OUT TO SEA.



PITCHING AND TOSSING THE SUB PUSHES ON THROUGH THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES.



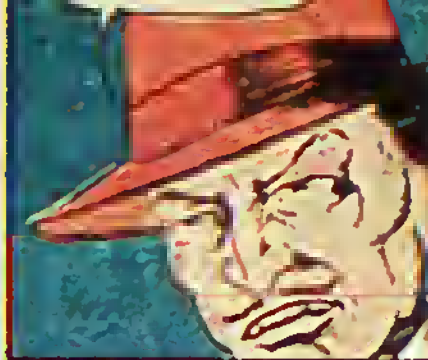
SUDDENLY ON POWER 5 CRAFT, ONE OF THE 'OFFICIALS' DRAWS A GUN ON PROP.



SIMULTANEOUSLY THE OTHER 'OFFICIAL' STICKS A GUN BEHIND THE INVENTOR'S EAR.



YOU WILL SET THE PLANE DOWN ON THE OCEAN NOW!



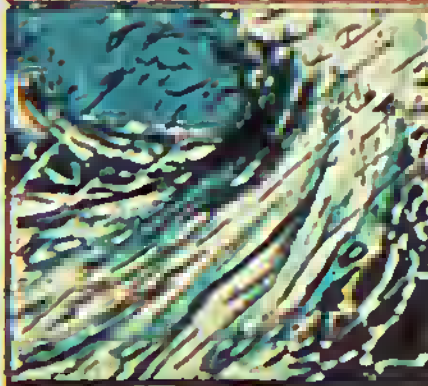
BUT THAT'S SUICIDE! IN THIS STORM WE'LL BE SMASHED TO PIECES!



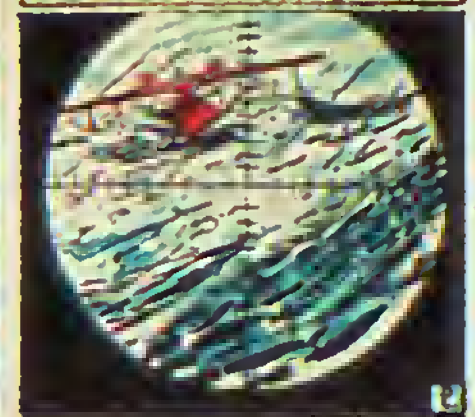
WITH NO ALTERNATIVE POWERS THE PLANE DOWN.



AS THE PLANE NEARS THE SURFACE THE WAVES SEEM TO LEAP UP TO MEET IT.



THE LANDING IS WATCHED FROM THE SUB'S PERISCOPE.



COMING TO THE SURFACE, THE SUBMARINE DISCHARGES A BOAT-LOAD OF SAILORS



AT GUN POINT, THE INVENTOR IS FORCED FROM THE PLANE.



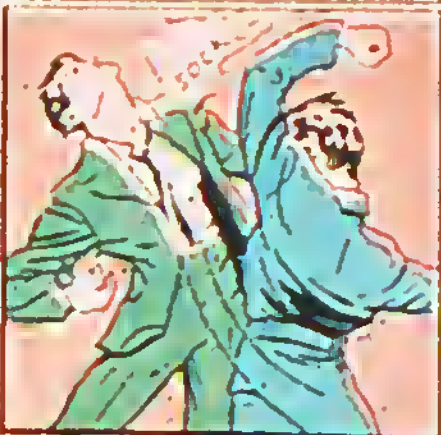
WATCHING HIS CHANCE, PROP SEIZES THE WRIST OF ONE OF THE FOREIGN AGENTS.



AND WITH A POWERFUL FLIP HE TOSSES HIM INTO THE RAGING SEA



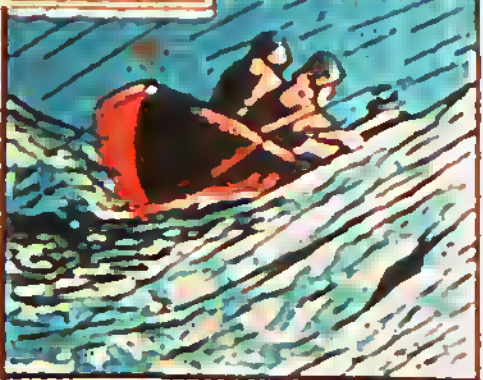
TURNING WITH A SWIFT UPPER-CUT, HE FELS ANOTHER



SUDDENLY A VICIOUS BLOW FROM BEHIND SENDS PROP DOWN.



BACK TO THE SUBMARINE, FOR THE BATTERED MEN WITH THE INVENTOR.



COMING TO A SHORT TIME LATER, PROP FINDS THE STORM OVER... AND TAKES OFF.



PROP SPOTS THE HIDDEN SUBMARINE BASE.



THE SUB CREW, SEEING PROPS PLANE, OPENS FIRE.



SWING HER INLAND, JIM! WE'LL FIND A PLACE TO LAND!



LANDING INLAND ON A BARREN FIELD, PROP LEAVES FOR THE HIDDEN COASTAL BASE.



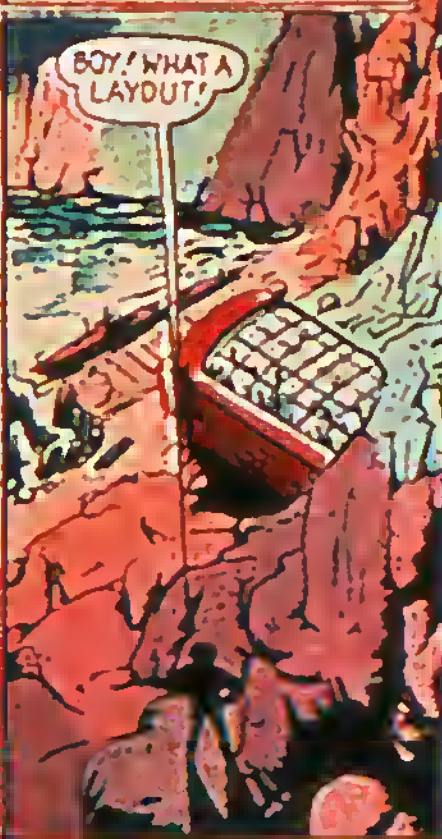
LABORIOUSLY POWERS HEADS FOR THE HIDDEN BASE, WHEN.



AS THE CART JOLTS ALONG, PROP MARKS THE APPROXIMATE POSITION OF THE BASE.



SLIPPING THROUGH THE CLIFF RINGED SHORE, PROP STOPS SHORT IN AMAZEMENT.



QUICKLY MAKING HIS WAY TO THE BUILDING, PROP ENTERS A SIDE DOOR.



SUDDENLY, THE GUARD SPRINGS AT POWERS



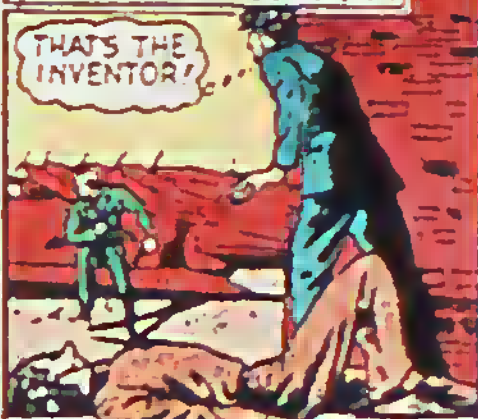
BUT WITH A SWIFT BLOW, PROP SENDS HIM REFLING.



AND TURNS TO LOOK IN WONDER AT THE HUNDREDS OF PLANES!



SUDDENLY A FIGURE RUNS ACROSS THE FLOOR...



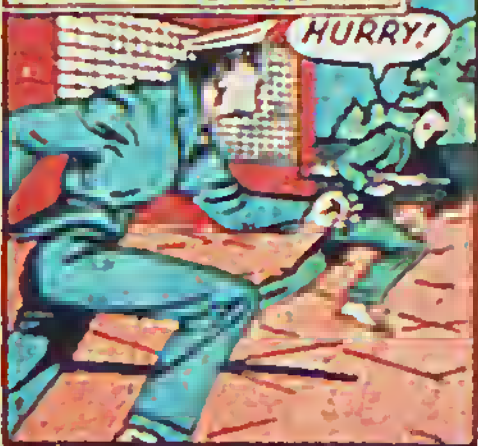
STARTLED BY PROPS PRESENCE, HE WHIPS OUT A GUN



OH! IT'S YOU, PROPS! I'VE GOT THE PLANS BACK, AND THIS RAY GUN OF MINE THAT THEY STOLE SOME TIME AGO!



LEAVING THE PLANT THEY DASH FOR THE HILLS



THOSE PLANES YOU SAW ARE GOING TO RAID LONDON! WE MUST GET THERE FIRST AND WARN THEM!



REACHING THE PLANE THEY CLAMP THE GUN ON A WINDOW...



A MOMENT LATER THE ENEMY FLEET ROARS OVERHEAD...



OUK! LETS GO! WE'VE ONLY A SHORT WHILE BEFORE THEY REACH LONDON!



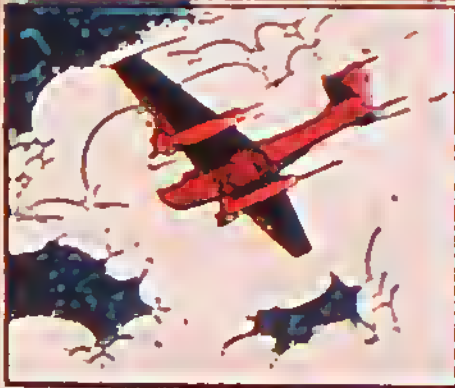
IN A WIDE FORMATION, THE FLEET ROARS ON TOWARD ENGLAND.



GOING INTO A STEEP CLIMB, PROPS STARTS AFTER THEM.



AND AT 350 M.P.H. PROP QUICKLY OVERTAKES THE 'NR ARMYADA...



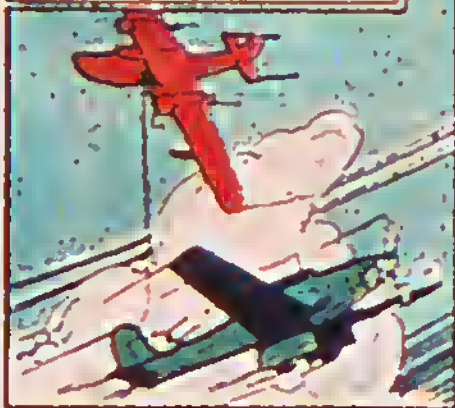
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SHOOTING, JIM!



WITH DEADLY ACCURACY PROP AIMS AT AN ENEMY PLANE...



PROP HAS ONLY TO HIT A METAL SPOT, AND...



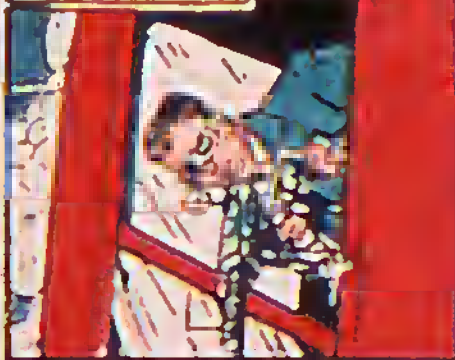
THE MOTOR OF THAT PLANE IS RUINED.



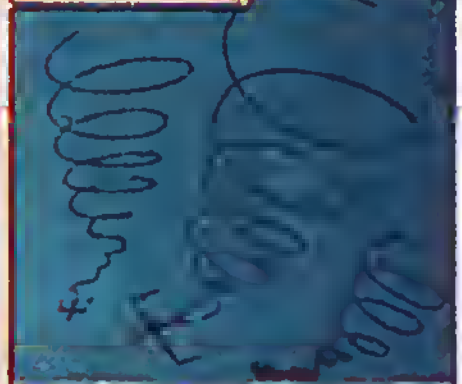
THE SHOCK OF SURPRISE OVER A WITHERING COUNTER-FIRE BEGINS.



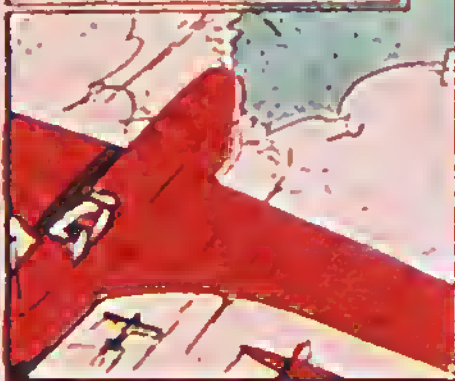
GRIMLY PROP FIGHTS ON, KNOWING THAT HELP MUST SOON ARRIVE.



THE HELPLESS PLANES GLIDE TO A LANDING...



SUDDENLY A SQUADRON OF BRITISH PURSUIT PLANES ZOOM INTO THE BATTLE...



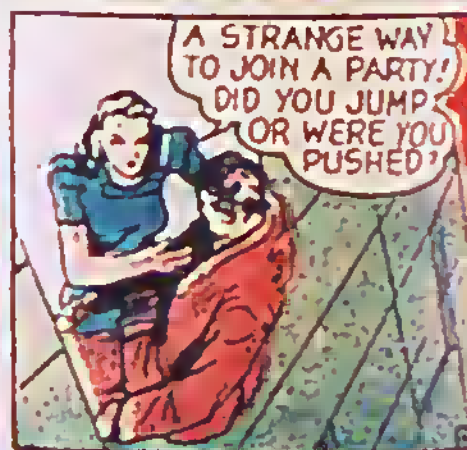
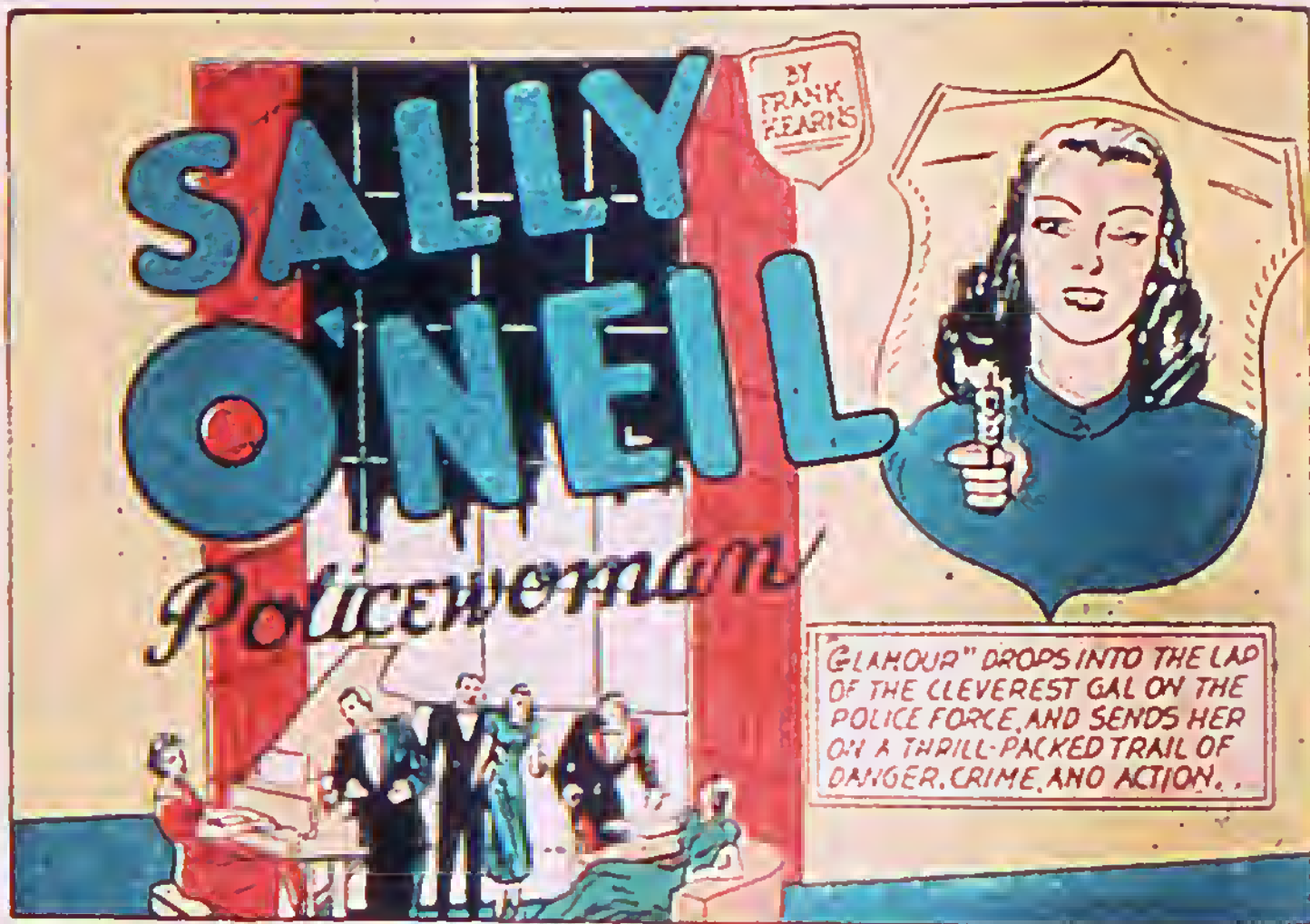
AND THE REMNANTS OF THE ATTACKING FLEET ARE DOWNED.

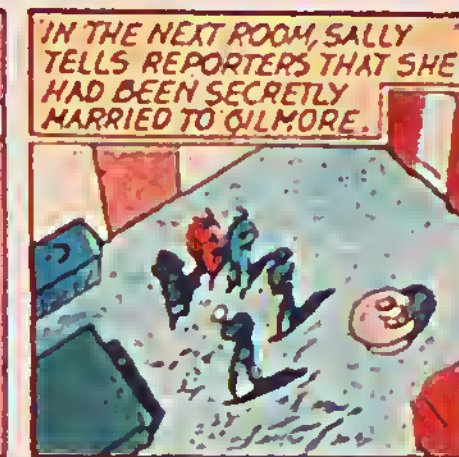
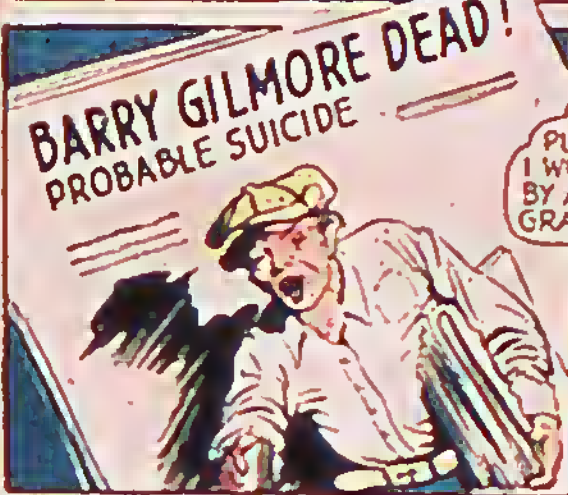
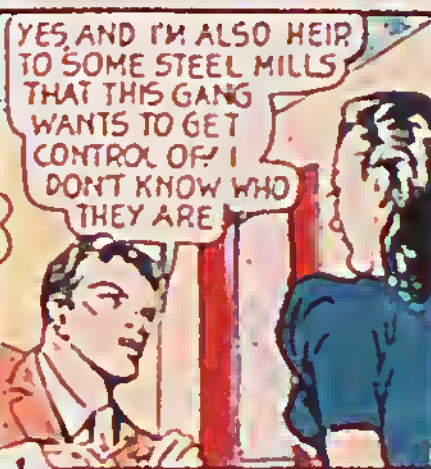
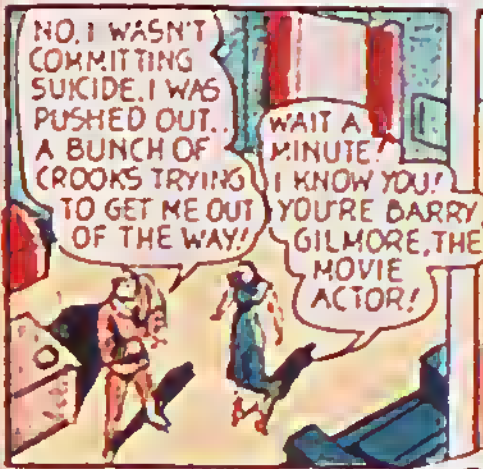


LATER... WITHOUT YOUR HELP LONDON WOULD PROBABLY BE IN RUINS!



DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING AIR ADVENTURE OF PROP POWERS... IN THE NEXT ISSUE...





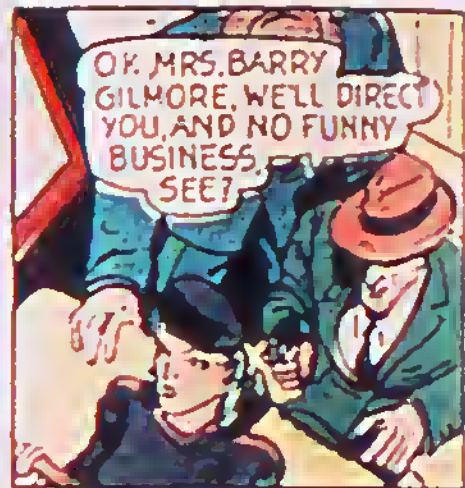
SALLY CRUISES AROUND TOWN SEEKING TROUBLE. SUDDENLY AT A STOPLIGHT...



TWO MEN STEP INTO HER CAR.



OK, MRS. BARRY GILMORE, WE'LL DIRECT YOU, AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS, SEE?



THEY DRIVE DOWNTOWN TO A DISREPUTABLE NEIGHBORHOOD.



COME ON, GET OUT!

ALL RIGHT! STOP ACTING LIKE A COUPLE OF HAMS IN A SERIAL!

OPEN UP, JOE. I TELL THE BOSS WE'RE HERE!



HERE SHE IS, BOSS

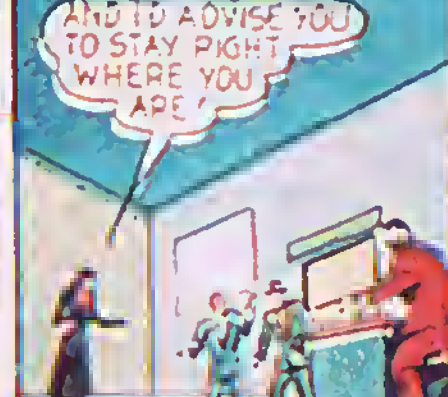
GOOD! NOW MRS. GILMORE, WE'RE GONNA SEND YOU TO YOUR HUSBAND.



BUT SALLY BRINGS HER FISTS UP FOR A DOUBLE TAKE.



AND TO ADVISE YOU TO STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!



THE BOSS DISREGARDS HER WARNING AND LUNGES AT HER



SALLY FIRES, WOUNDING HIM!



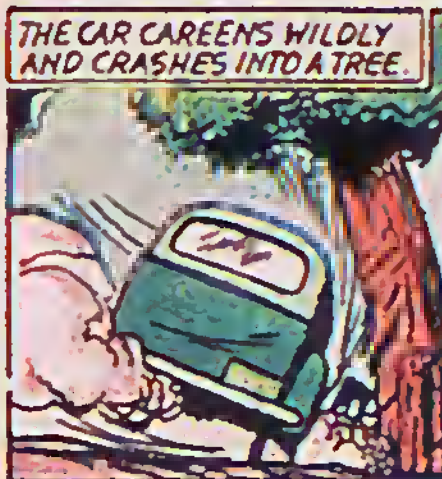
I USUALLY MEAN WHAT I SAY!

BUT ONE OF THE THUGS GRABS SALLY FROM BEHIND.



DON'T WASTE TIME, BOYS. SHOOT THE LITTLE WILD CAT!





Ben Miller



BEN MILLER IS A RENOWNED COMIC BOOK ARTIST, WHO REVOLVES HIS PLOTS AROUND CRIMINAL CASES HE HAS SOLVED AS A FAMOUS DETECTIVE... THE UNDERWORLD HOLDS HIM IN AWED RESPECT, FOR HE HAS BEEN THE UNDOING OF MANY A DESPERATE CHARACTER



SOON THEY ARRIVE IN A MOST UNSAVORY DOWNTOWN DISTRICT...

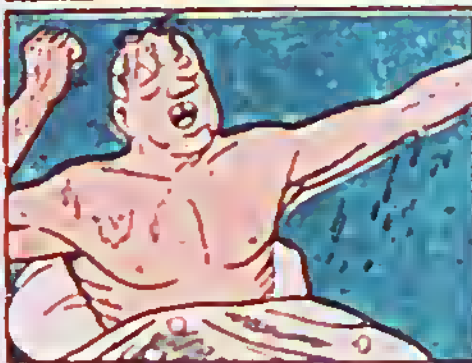


PROBABLY IS NOT TONY WHO IS ILL... TOO BAD!





"IT WAS FREEZIN' WEATHER AN' WE WAS SURE HE'D GET PNEUMONIA... BUT NO SOAP...."



"NEXT WE CUT UP SOME OLD SARDINE CANS INTO SHREDS AN' STUCK 'EM INTO HIS GRUB..."



"ANY ORDINARY MUSS WOULD'VE FOLDED UP ON THAT DIET... BUT NOT THIS GUY! HE JUS' GETS FATTER AN' FATTER..."



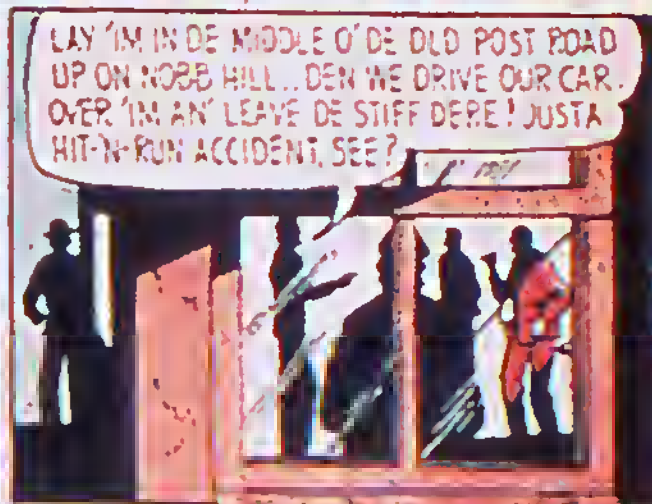
"THEN ONE COLD DAY WHEN THERE WAS RAIN AN' SLEET AN' ICE, WE LEFT HIM LAYIN' IN THE COUNTRY... TRYIN' TO GET 'IM SICK..."



"BUT NEXT DAY HE SHOWS UP AGAIN, HEALTHIER THAN EVER... AN' US BUSTIN' WITH COLDS WE CAUGHT ON THAT -- G! * !! TRIP!"



WOTTA BUNCHA AMACHOORS! NOW, HERE'S A GAG DAT'S FOOL PROOF...



LAY 'IM IN DE MIDDLE O' DE OLD POST ROAD UP ON NOBB HILL... DEN WE DRIVE OUR CAR OVER 'IM AN' LEAVE DE STIFF DEERE! JUST A HIT-N-RUN ACCIDENT, SEE?



HAVE TO WORK FAST, NIKI!



HE'S OUT COLD AGAIN, BOSS...

GOOD! LET'S GO !!



NOT THIS TIME, BOYS! REACH...



BOP!



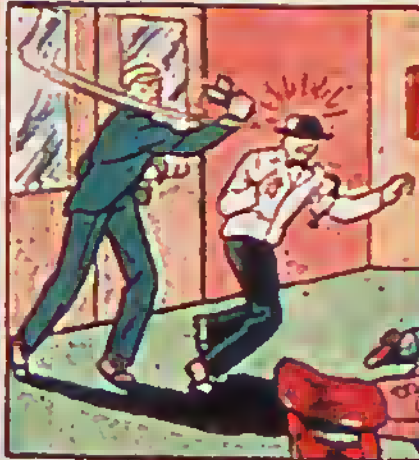
BUT PEN'S FOOT SLIPS
ON A CUSPIDOR!



WITH WHICH,
THEY FALL
UPON THE
PROSTRATE
CARTONIST!



THIS HURT ME
MORE THAN
HURT
YOU!



PEN AND HIS VALET COME TO IN A DARK ROOM!



NIKI! SOMEONE'S
COMING!



YES, MIST' MILLER, THE MUSKY ODOOR
OF PERFUME SIGNIFY
APPROACH OF DAMSEL!

MM... THAT IS
AN ODD
PERFUME!



THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN HURRIEDLY
RELEASES PEN, WHO NEVERTHELESS
CANNOT DISTINGUISH HER FEATURES..

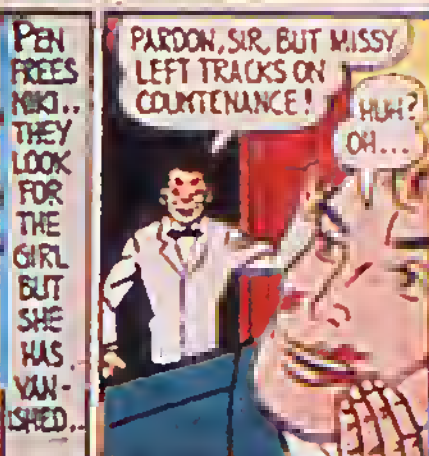
THE FAMOUS PEN MILLER!
I'VE ADMIRERD YOU AND
YOUR DEEDS FOR A LONG
TIME...



DARKNESS LENDS ME COURAGE
TO EXPRESS MY ADMIRATION!

AHEM! I TLUST
IN MEANWHILE
I AM NOT
FORGOTTEN!

SHACK



PARDON, SIR, BUT MISSY
LEFT TRACKS ON
COURTENANCE!

HUH?
OH...



THIS OIL TRUCK
SHOULD GET US
TO NOBB HILL
FAST, NIKI!

HEY!

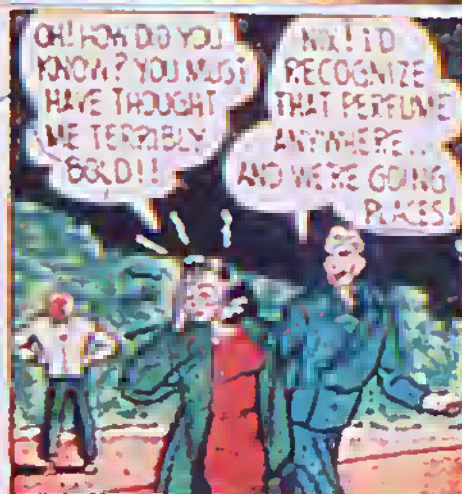
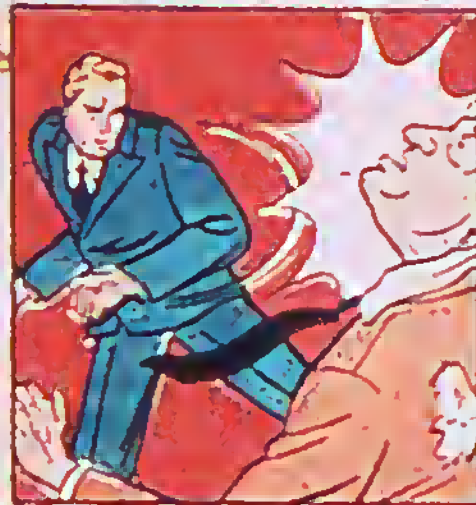
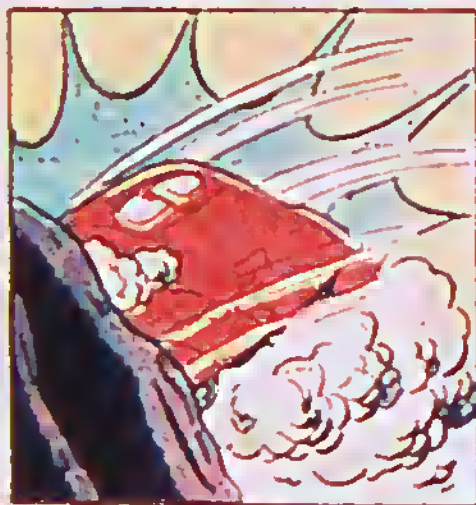
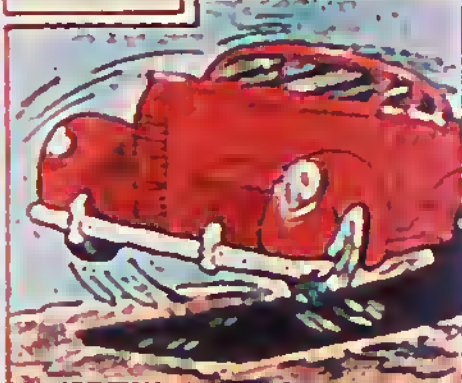


THERE'S THE POOR DEVIL NOW!

PEN IS STRUCK WITH AN IDEA... AND HE POURS THE OIL ONTO THE ROAD!



SOON THE GANGSTERS' CAR HURTTLES ACROSS THE OILY PAVEMENT.... IT SKIDS!!



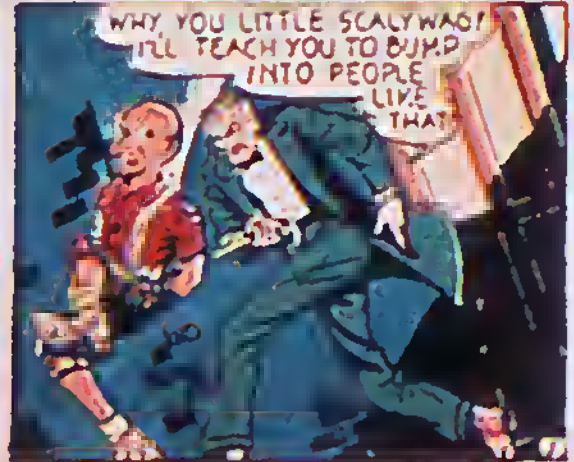
ANOTHER FAST MOVING PEN MILLER TALK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS

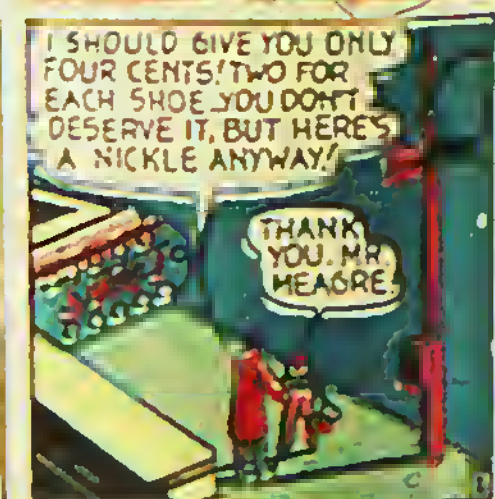


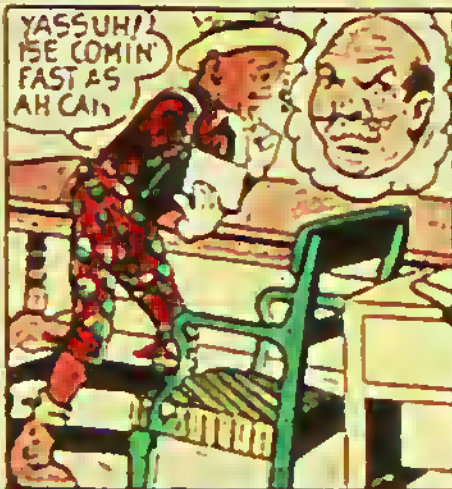
ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE, A POOR FAMILY UNABLE TO PAY RENT IS BEING EVICTED.

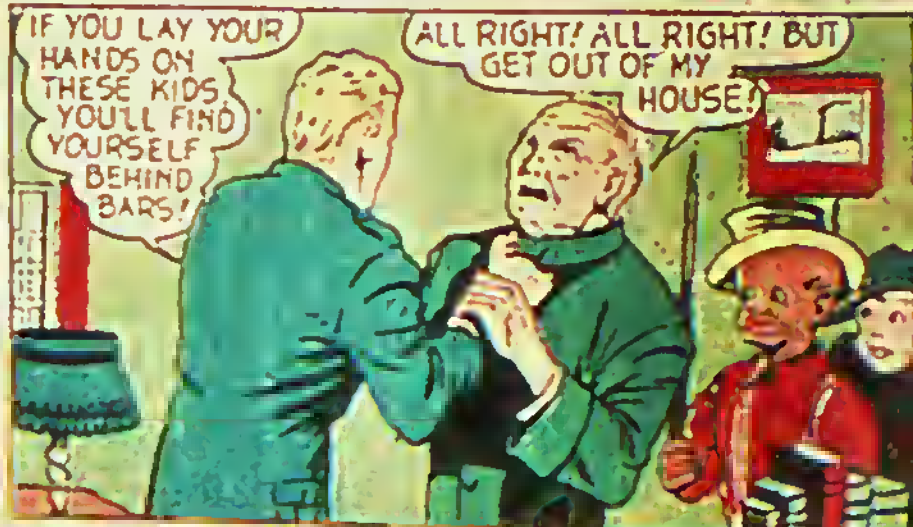
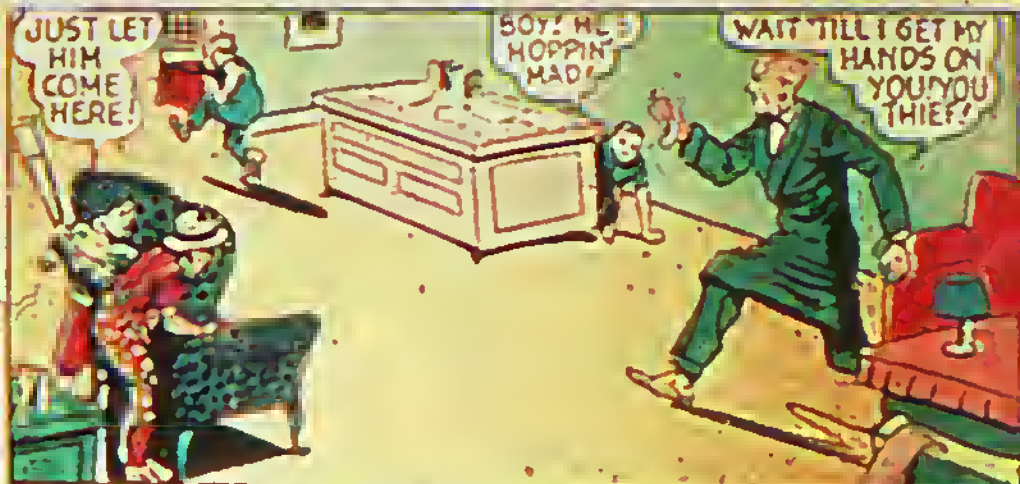


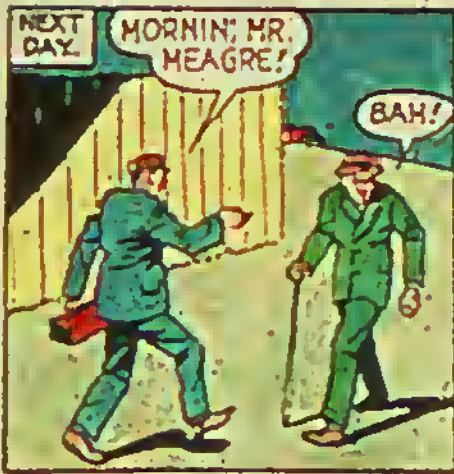
COME ON! COME ON YOU BIG OX! WHAT AM I PAYIN YOU FOR?



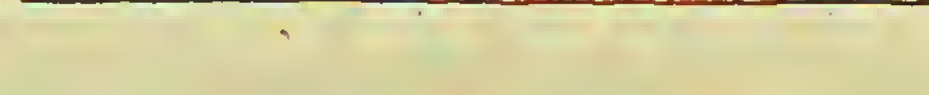
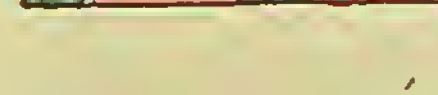
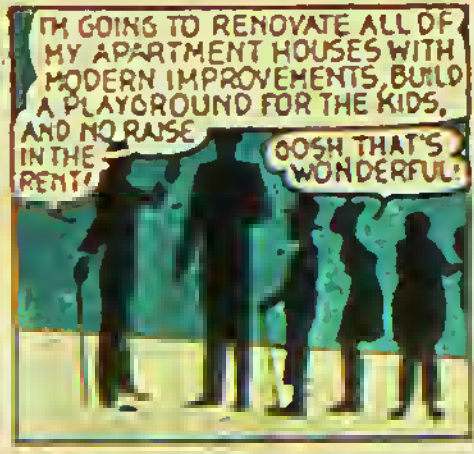
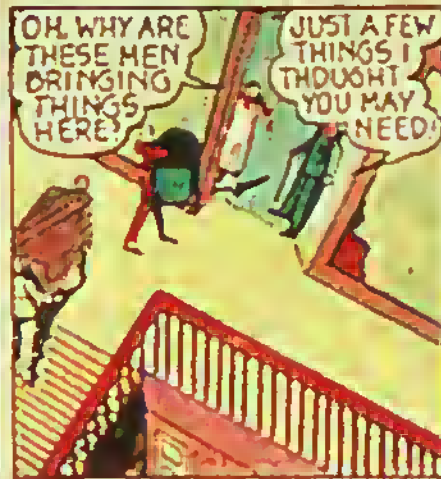


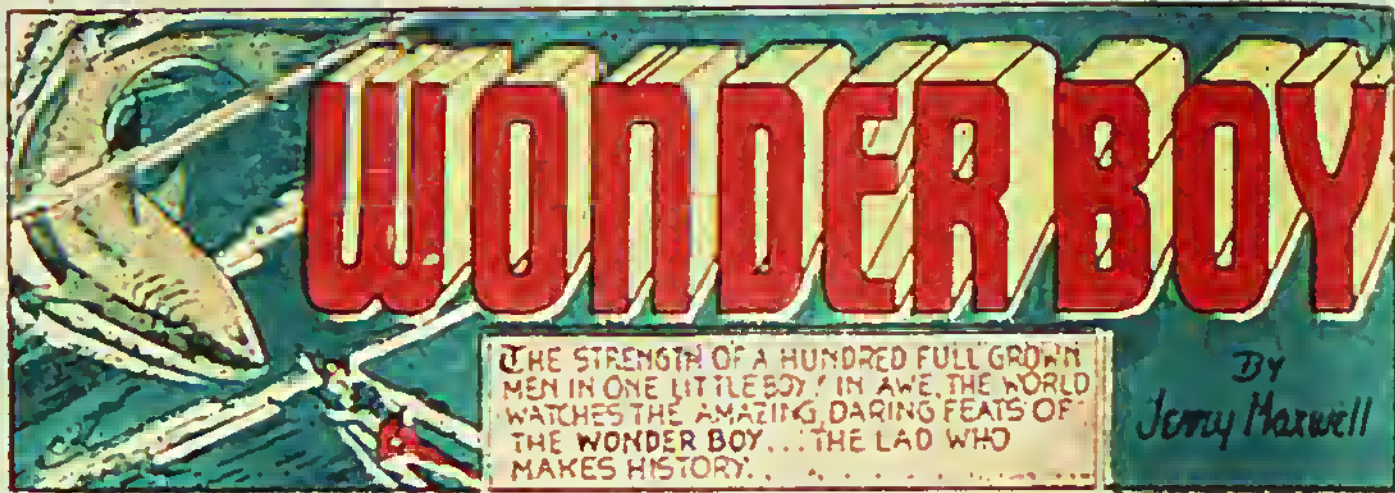












THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED FULL GROWN MEN IN ONE LITTLE BOY! IN AWE, THE WORLD WATCHES THE AMAZING, DARING FEATS OF THE WONDER BOY... THE LAD WHO MAKES HISTORY...

By
Jerry Maxwell

THE WONDER BOY, LAD OF AMAZING STRENGTH AND BRAVERY, IS FETED THROUGHOUT EUROPE FOR SAVING IT FROM A MONGOLIAN ATTACK.

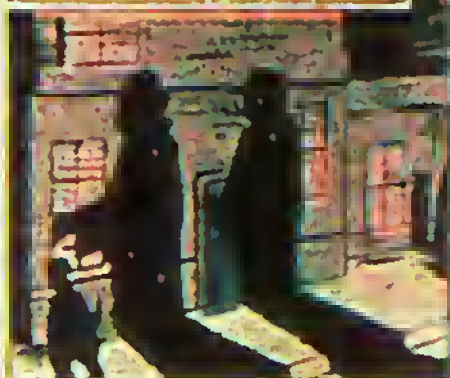


BUT THE MONGOLIANS PLAN A CUEL REVENGE.

THIS CHILD MUST PAY FOR DEFEATING OUR GREAT ARMY!



THEIR AGENTS ARE SENT TO PARIS WITH ORDERS TO KIDNAP THE WONDER BOY AT ANY COST.



SIGHTSEEING IN THE WORLD'S FAMOUS CAPITOLS TAKES UP MOST OF WONDER BOY'S TIME.



HOW IT'S GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE CROWDS! I'LL JUST SNEAK OFF AND SEE THE SIGHTS ALL BY MYSELF!



AN APPLE VENDOR OUTSIDE THE LUXEMBURG GARDENS CATCHES HIS EYE.



OH BOY! I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT MORE OF THESE! BET THE GENERALS AND PRESIDENT WOULD LIKE ONE TOO!



SUDDENLY WONDER BOY STAGGERS AND FALLS-ASTHE SLAN-EYED VENDOR BEGINS TO HIS COMPANIONS.



DRUGGED BY THE TEMPTING FRUIT THE WONDER BOY FALLS PREY TO HIS VICIOUS ABDUCTORS.



ACROSS TWO CONTINENTS TO FAR
OFF CHINA, A SPEEDING PLANE
CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS LAD



HE IS SOLD TO THE MOST
BLOODTHIRSTY PIRATES
THAT PAID THE CHINESE
INLAND WATERWAYS...

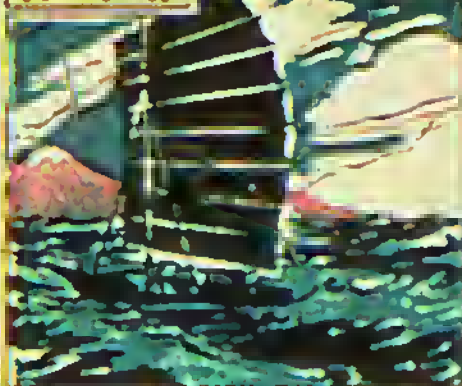


MUCH LATER, IN THE HOLD OF A
CHINESE JUNK

HOW IN THE WORLD DID I GET
HERE AND WHERE
IS IT?



THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATERS OF
THE YANGTZE RIVER, THE LITTLE
JUNK SAILS



SUDDENLY

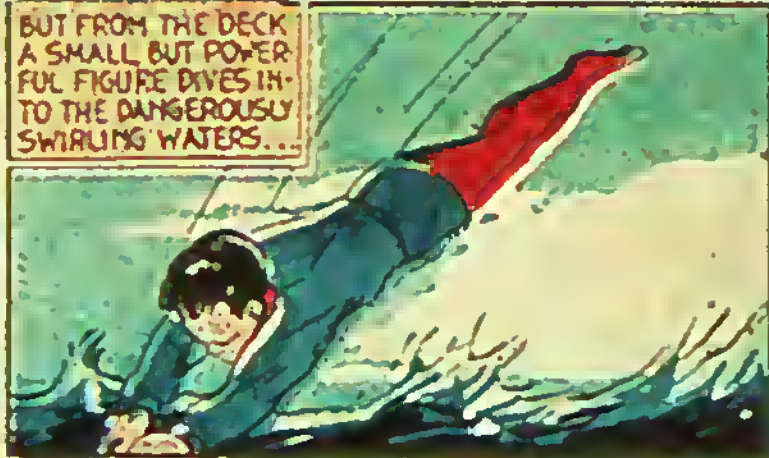
A WHIRLPOOL!
WE'RE HEADING
RIGHT INTO
IT!



WE CAN'T SAVE OURSELVES!
WE'LL ALL
DROWN!



BUT FROM THE DECK
A SMALL BUT POWER-
FUL FIGURE DIVES IN-
TO THE DANGEROUSLY
SWIRLING WATERS...



BATTLING AGAINST TERRIFIC SUCTION, WONDER BOY FLIES THE
HEAVY CRAFT OUT OF THE PAIR OF
THE DEADLY VORTEX.

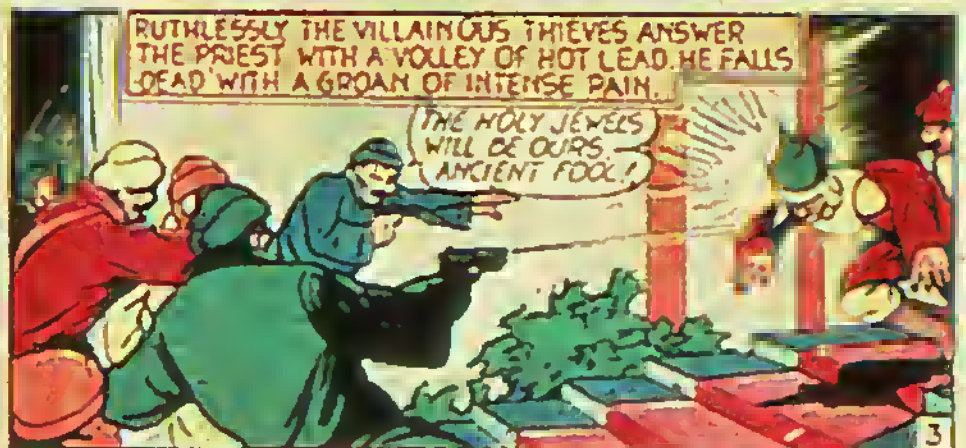
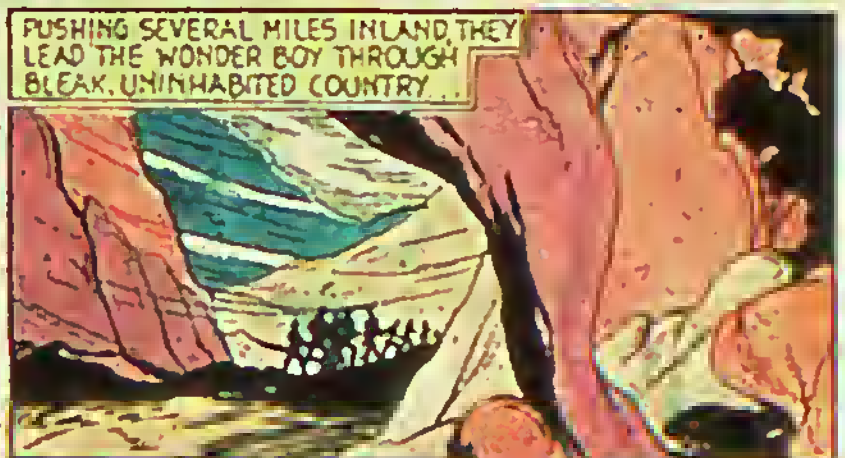
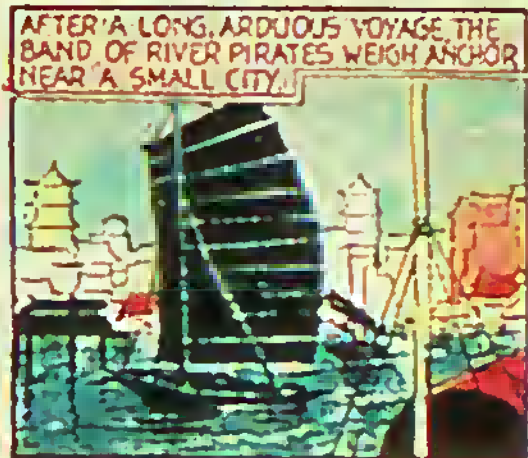
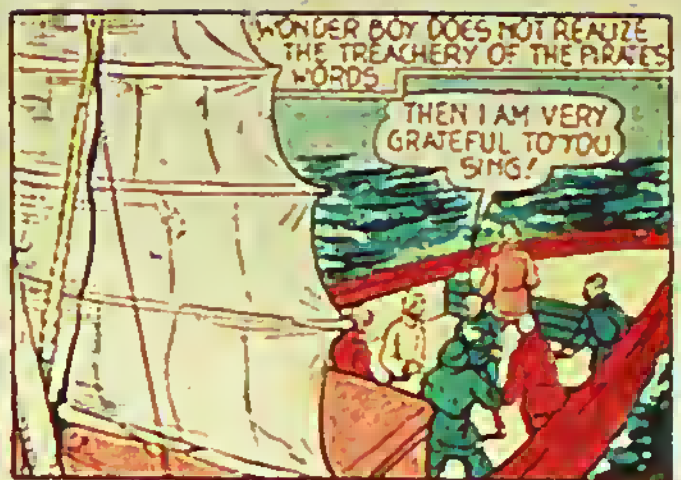
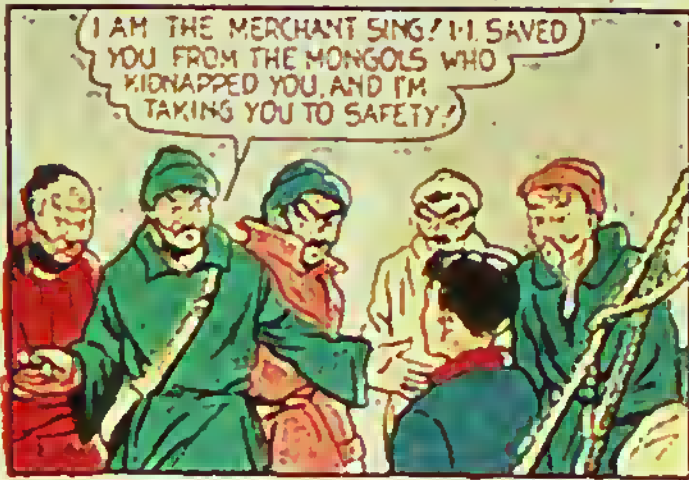


SAVED BY THE WONDER BOY, THE
PIRATES ARE OVERJOYED WITH

THEIR AMAZING
PURCHASE

NOW TELL
ME WHERE
AM I?



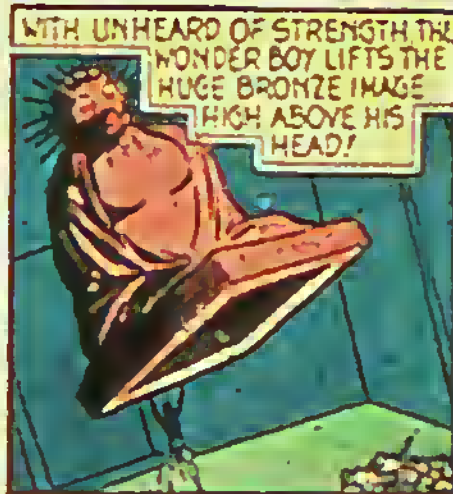




YOU ARE ALL THIEVES AND MURDERERS! YOU'LL GET NO MORE HELP FROM ME!



HIS SMALL FISTS FLYING IN A HAIL OF FURY THE WONDER BOY SENDS THE BANDITS DOWN, DAZED.



WITH UNHEARD OF STRENGTH THE WONDER BOY LIFTS THE HUGE BRONZE IMAGE HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD!



AND PLACES IT OVER THE FIGURES OF THE PROSTRATE PIRATES.

A GOOD PRISON FOR THEM FOR THE TIME BEING!



NEVER HAS THE WORLD KNOWN OF SUCH AN AMAZING POWER AS YOU! EAT OF OUR HUMBLE PARE... A POOR SHOW OF OUR GRATITUDE.

OH I THINK ITS SWEET! AND I'M HUNGRY AS A BEAR!

WONDER BOY DINES WITH A HAPPY PRIEST...



MEANWHILE, THE THIEVES HAVE REVIVED!

WE CAN GET THE JEWELS FROM IN HERE!



AH! BY MY HOLY ANCESTORS! THESE WILL BRING US GREAT RICHES!

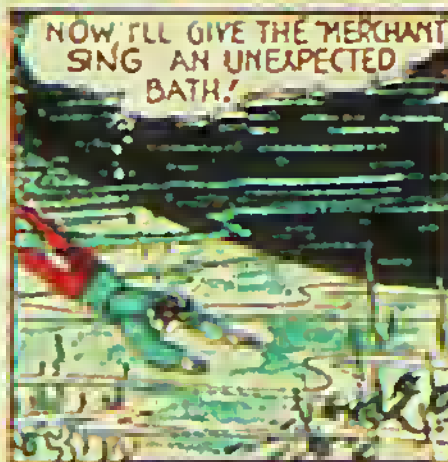
LOOK! I HAVE FOUND A WAY OUT!

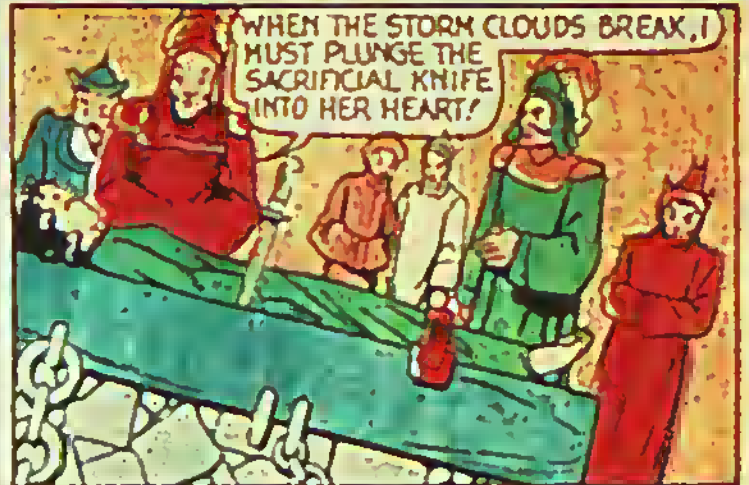
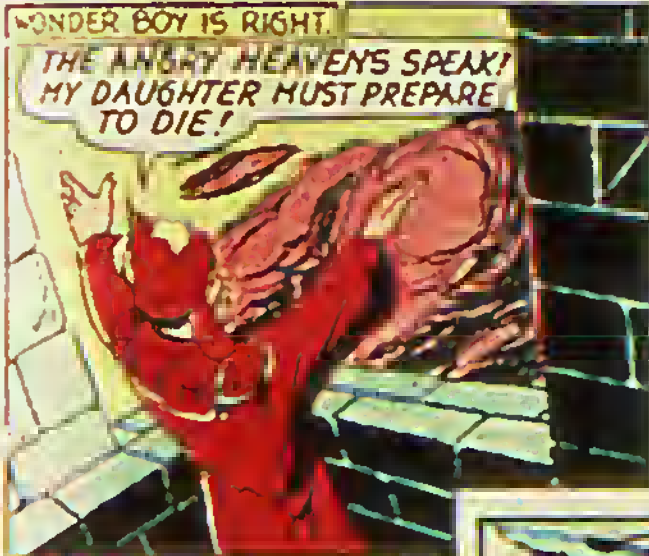
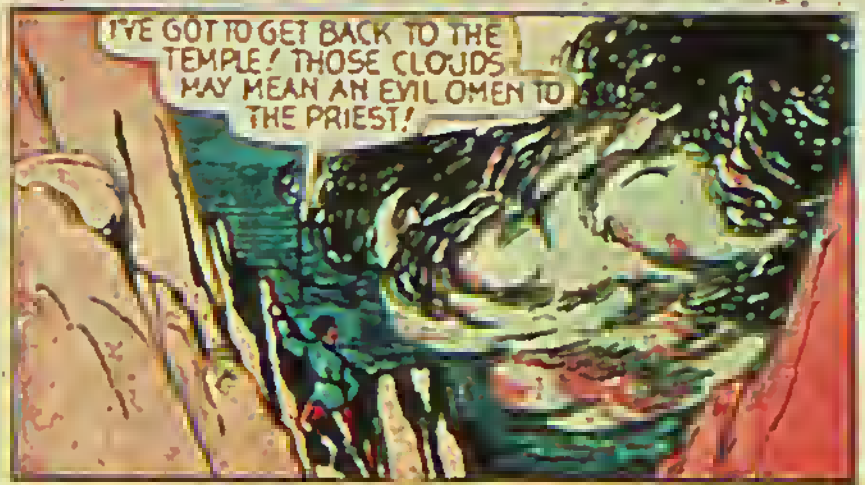
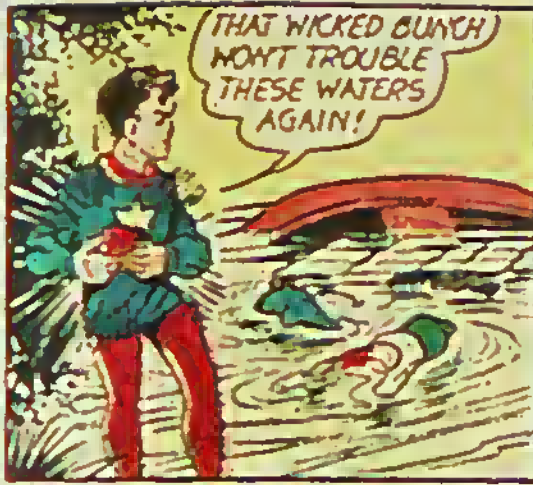
SILENTLY, THE PIRATES SLIP THROUGH THE SECRET PANEL AND FLEE FROM THE TEMPLE WITH THEIR BOOTY.



THEY HAVE GONE! AND THE HOLY EYES THAT KNEW ALL SECRETS HAVE BEEN STOLEN!

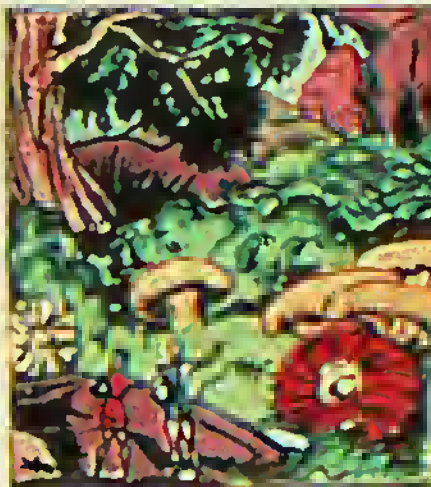
THEY CAN'T BE FAR. I'LL BRING THEM BACK TO YOU!





THE KING OF
PACKETEERS
IS NO MATCH
FOR THE
TREMENDOUS
STRENGTH
AND AMAZING
SKILL OF
WONDER
BOY.
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE





IN A REMOTE VALLEY, THEY COME UPON THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET... A STRANGE, WINGED PEOPLE



BUT TARKAS, KING OF MARS, DEFEATED BY CYCLOPE, FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE PLANET, PLOTS REVENGE AND THE CAPTURE OF THE PLANET.

WE CAN STIR UP A REBELLION AMONG THE WINGED NATIVES!

SPEEDILY, THE MARTIANS HEAD FOR THE UNEXPLORED FORESTS OF THIS NEW WORLD.



IN A HIDDEN VALLEY THEY BUILD A GREAT FORTRESS.

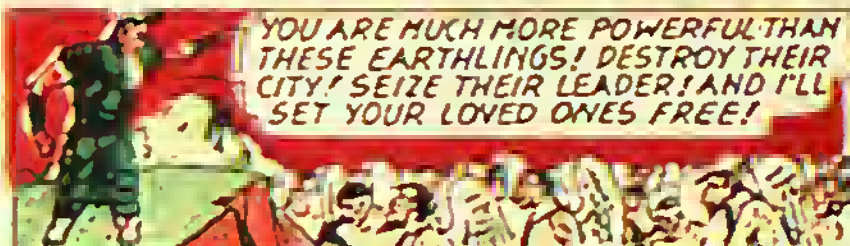


THE NATIVES ARE POWERFUL BUT DO NOT KNOW THEIR OWN STRENGTH. WE MUST CAPTURE SOME FOR HOSTAGES!



WE'LL SCATTER THESE NETS AND EASILY CAPTURE ENOUGH OF THEM. BUT WE SHALL ONLY KEEP THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN!





AND SO THE NATIVES, UNABLE TO REFUSE, ATTACK THE COLONY AND CAPTURE CYCLONE



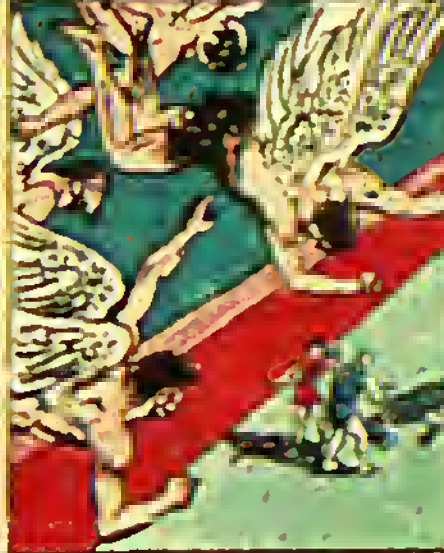
AS CYCLONE FACES A DISINTEGRATING RAY, SUE BREAKS FREE...



BUT ZARKAS MAKES THE ERROR OF COMING WITHIN CYCLONE'S REACH, AND...



AT THAT MOMENT REBEL NATIVES SWEEP OVER THE HALL.....





WHEN WE GO ON BOARD YOU ORDER THE MEN TO THE HOLD! ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL KILL YOU!



THEY'RE SAFELY LOCKED UP NOW, I'LL TAKE THEIR ARMS.



OXCLONE ARMS THE NATIVES WITH THE MARTIAN'S WEAPONS.



FOLLOW ME!

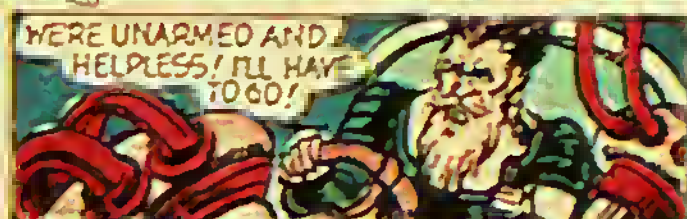


YOU'RE NEXT!

OXCLONE AND HIS MEN HAVE SHORT WORK OF THE MARTIANS.



ZARXAS ORDERS HIS MEN TO BATTER DOWN A BULKHEAD.



WE'RE UNARMED AND HELPLESS! I'LL HAVE TO GO!

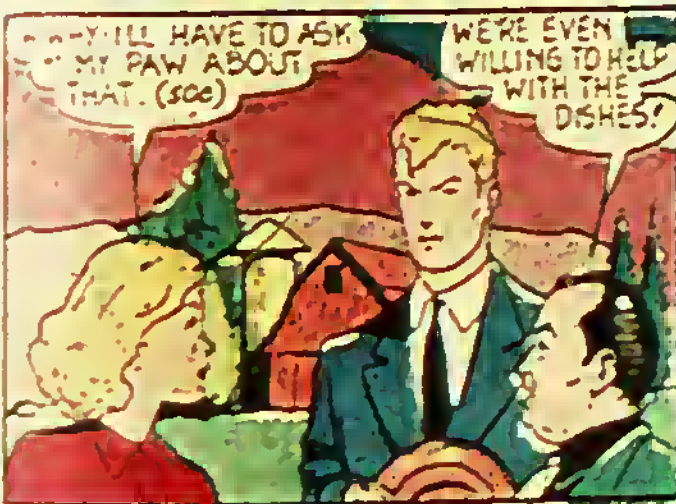
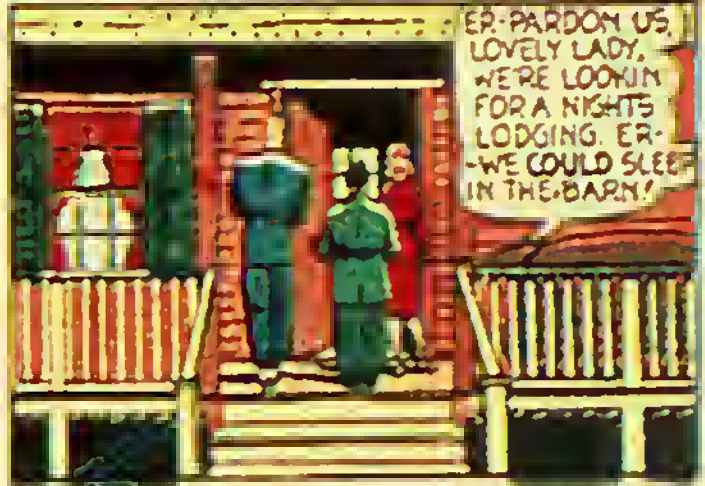
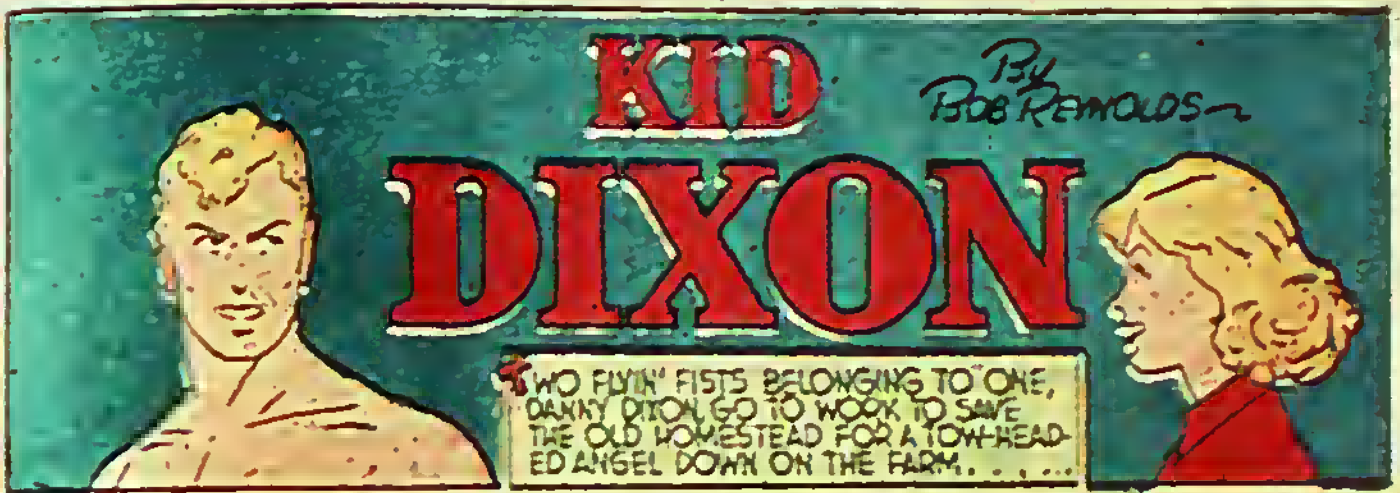


AS THE MARTIAN SHIP LEAVES THE PLANET, OXCLONE FREES THE WINSET CAPTIVE.



WE'LL WORK TOGETHER AND MAKE THIS A GREAT AND PROSPEROUS PLANET!

STAND BY FOR THE NEXT ADVENTURE ON THE NEW PLANET IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS.



AFTER DINNER DANNY TOPPS AND JENNE DRIVE IN-
TO TOWN TO CHEER
UP THE SAD LITTLE
GIRL.



THEY ARRIVE IN THE MIDST OF A WELCOMING
PARTY FOR THE TOWN'S HOMECOMING HERO.



WELCOME HOME
- SLUGGER SWEENEY-
He's Our Boy!
What'a Fighter!

WELL, WOTTA Y' KNOW? WE
DROVE RIGHT INTO 'LADY
LUCK! STAY HERE, KIDS.
I'LL BE BACK PRONTO!



HEY! WAIT UP!
WAIT FER
ME!



WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

I-I GOTTA FIGHTER
(PUFF) HOW 'BOUTA-
A MATCH (PUFF)
IN THIS TOWN?



THIS OUGHT TO BE A GOOD
PUBLICITY STUNT!

OKAY, FELLA!
THE STAKES A
THOUSAND DOLLARS
AT PICNIC
PARK, NEXT
SATURDAY!

A THOUSAND! ER-
SURE, SURE...
WE'LL BE
THERE! THANKS!



WELL, I FIXED IT! IF YOU
WIN, WE PAY OFF MR.
BARLEY'S MORTGAGE!
IF NOT-

IT JUST CAN'T BE ANY
OTHER WAY! I'VE
GOT TO
WIN!



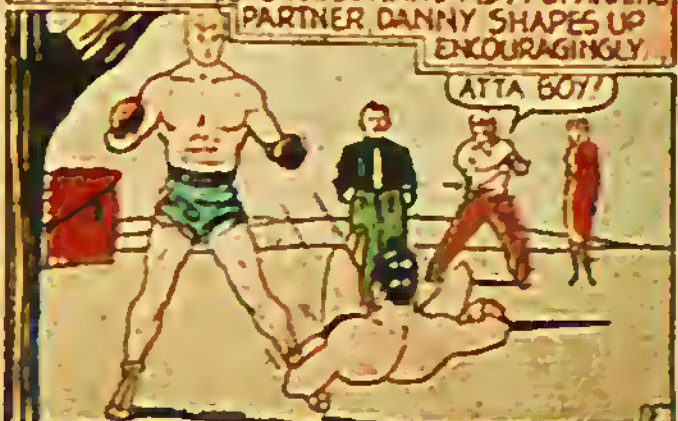
NEXT MORNING DANNY BEGINS TRAINING. . .

GET SOME POWER
INTO THAT
PUNCH
KID!



USING MR BARLEY'S FARM HAND AS A SPARRING
PARTNER, DANNY SHAPES UP
ENCOURAGINGLY.

ATTA BOY!



SUDDENLY A STATION WAGON ROLLS INTO THE FARM



THAT FIGHTER MAY SETTLE THE MORTGAGE IF HE WINS THE FIGHT! AND WE DONT WANT BARLEY TO KEEP THE FARM! WE GOTTA HAVE THAT LAND!

DONT WORRY! I'LL SEE THAT THE MORTGAGE ISNT PAID! THE BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT PUG!



YOU GOT A FINE BOY THERE! YER WASTIN' YOUR TIME MATCHIN' HIM WITH A HAS BEEN LIKE SLUGGER!

MEBBE, BUT HE'S THE BEST THIS TOWNS GOT TO OFFER!



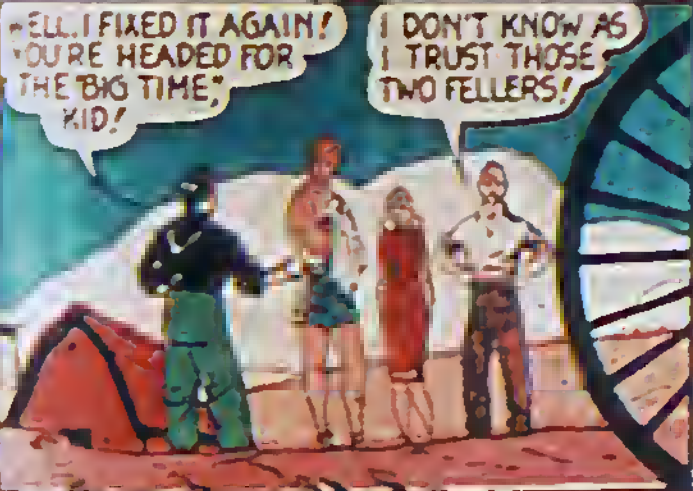
WHY DONT YOU AND YOUR BOY DROP OVER TONIGHT! I'LL SET YOU UP FOR BOUTS.

WELL, THAT'S DARN WHITE OF YOU! WE'LL BE OVER ALL RIGHT!



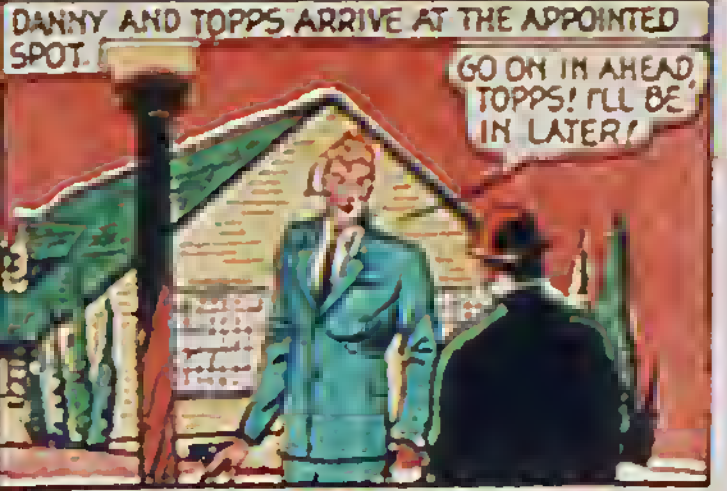
WELL, I FIXED IT AGAIN! YOU'RE HEADED FOR THE "BIG TIME," KID!

I DON'T KNOW AS I TRUST THOSE TWO FELLERS!



DANNY AND TOPPS ARRIVE AT THE APPOINTED SPOT.

GO ON IN AHEAD TOPPS! I'LL BE IN LATER!



WAL, WHERE'S YER FIGHTER?

ER-ER, HE'LL BE RIGHT ALONG! (I HOPE.) I'LL GO GET HIM RIGHT-

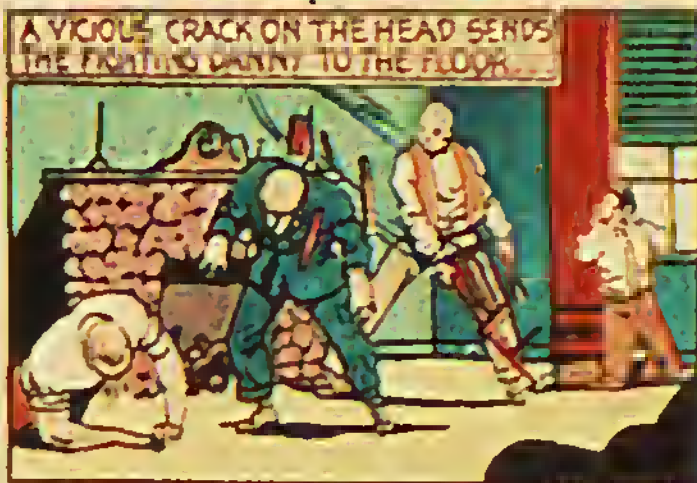
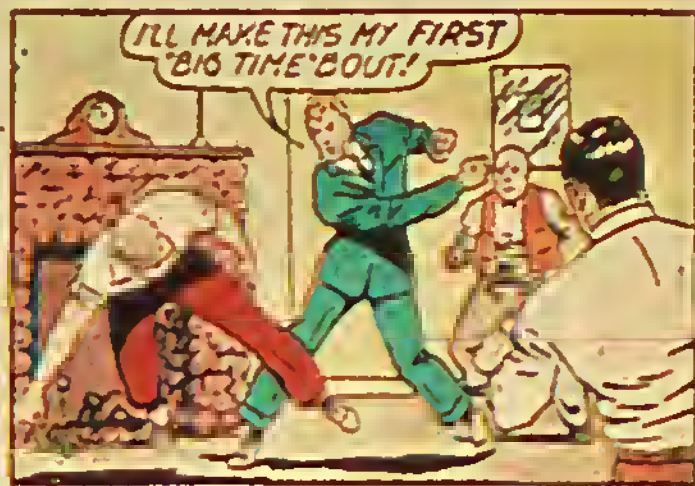


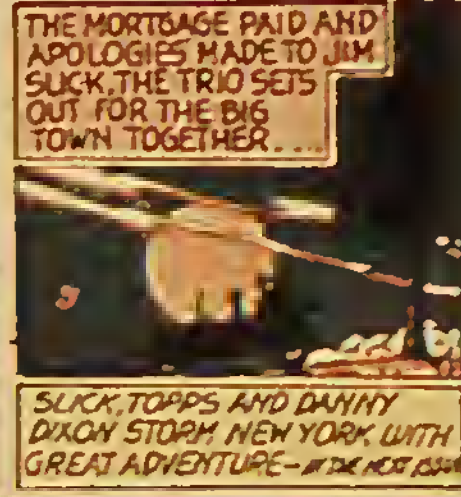
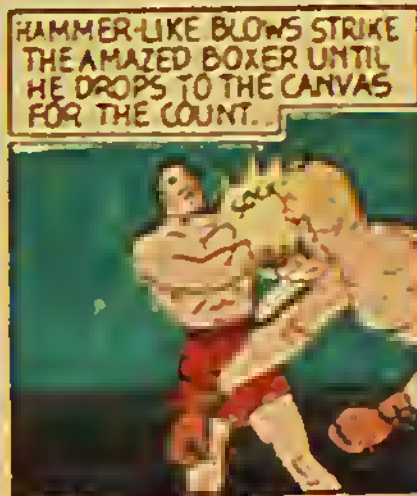
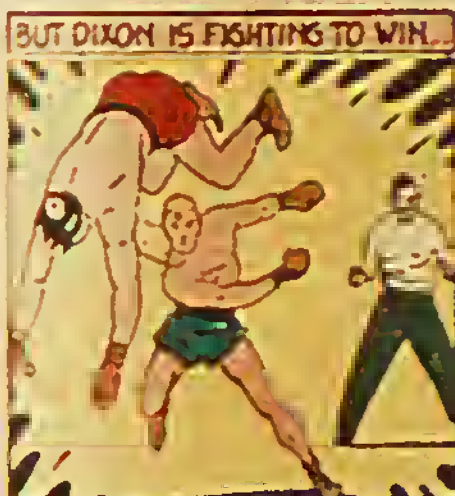
NO YA DONT! THE BOSS SAID TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!

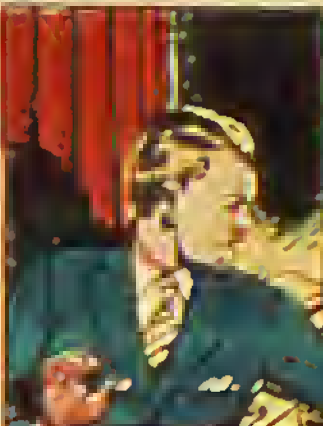


MR. BARLEY'S SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT!










YANKEE DOODLE BOY

by ANTHONY LAMB



"Murder in the Senate Gallery!" Newspapers the nation over splashed the incredible words across their headlines in bold black letters.

Washington police were baffled. The G-men were hopelessly unable to uncover a single clue to the murder that took place in a room full of onlookers during a heated Senate debate.

Talk of the murder eclipsed most of the important national and international affairs of state then under discussion on the floors of the House and Senate. And probably the most excited conversations of all took place among the youngest contingent of the Capitol corps—the page boys.

"Can ya imagine? Who would want to kill a visitin' school teacher? That's what I don't understand—if it was one of those foreign spies—but a school teacher from some hick town in Oregon—" Corny Dobbs scratched his yellow head and looked puzzled. The other boys laughed.

"The motive isn't what's bothering me—I had a teacher back home once that I could of—well—" Johnny Farrell gestured significantly slicing his finger across his throat. "It's the method that's got me—stabbed in the back and Jimmy Jones swears there was no one sitting near her in the gallery."

"Hey, by the way—where is Jimmy Jones?"

Where WAS the Yankee Doodle boy, Jimmy Jones? He hadn't been around since the day of the murder! What on earth was he up to now? Since the time he saved the nation's armament plans from being blown to smithereens by a band of vicious spies—anything was expected of the Yankee Doodle Boy.

Jimmy Jones hadn't left the Capitol building for two days, but he also hadn't reported for work. After Miss Peter's body had been removed from the gallery and the interest had been shifted downstairs where the police were questioning the Senators and other visitors, Jimmy had slipped up to where the unfortunate school teacher had been sitting and taken a quick look around. Suddenly he noticed something sticking out from between the seat and the arm of the chair Miss Peters had occupied.

It was a small black notebook. Quickly he thumbed through it, expecting to find a list of pupils' names with little black conduct marks next to them—but instead, he was startled to read a list of familiar names—Senators, Representatives, Committeemen—and next to their names . . . Jimmy whistled.

"Wow, if this list ever got published with these accusations—it would be curtains for that bunch—and I guess it's up to me to hand it over."

"What have you got there,

Jimmy?" It was old Hal Jasper, the gallery usher, who had been at the door when the murder was committed. He had gone down for questioning and after answering that no one had gone in or out of the door while he was there, came back to his post—a little too hastily, Jimmy thought.

"Oh, it's nothing Jasper—just a notebook I keep memos in—I was just lookin' around and—"

"Let me see the memos, Jimmy." The Yankee Doodle boy looked up startled, as old Hal stepped toward him. His voice held a tone of menace as he requested to see the book. He reached out and his long bony fingers clutched Jimmy's shoulder.

"Hand over that note book. I'm not kidding."

The Yankee Doodle boy ducked his head under the man's arm and jerked himself free. He bolted for the hall and dashed down a winding staircase. But with a speed amazing for one his age, Jasper was clattering down the long flight after him. But when he caught the boy and swung him viciously around delivering a hard blow that sent him reeling to the floor—the black note book was no longer on his person.

"What did he do with it in such a short time? Jasper grumbled, frantically searching through Jimmy's clothes as he lay unconscious on the hard, cold floor.

When Jimmy came to, a sharp pain cut across his face where Jasper's fist had struck. He tried

to open his mouth but his lips were sealed by a tightly strapped piece of tape and his hands and feet were cruelly drawn behind him and bound with heavy rope as he lay on his side in a dark, chilly room.

As the black began to filter into gray, Jimmy could discern the dim outline of huge filing cases and stacked furniture. At the far wall was a door. He began to roll slowly across the floor toward it—maybe a guard would be walking outside—maybe if he banged his head hard enough. Suddenly his progress was blocked by a soft form that wriggled and kicked violently as he rolled against it. Jimmy turned to see the figure of a man bound and gagged as he. No words or motions were necessary to convey their common need. Back to back the man and boy worked feverishly at each others bindings—torturously skinning the tight rope down over their hands and fingers. When at last they were free and had painfully ripped the adhesive from their mouths, the still walls echoed with their hurried whispers.

"Senator Grayson!"

"Jimmy, my boy, we must get out of here at once. They're coming back to get rid of both of us as soon as they can safely get us from the capitol building. It should be any minute now."

"Who?"

"The ones who murdered Miss Peters who was not a school teacher. She was a private investigator in my employ. She was just about to signal me to make my accusations against a certain clique of legislators about whom she had gathered plenty of evidence, when she was murdered by Hal Jasper, that old scoundrel who was bought by them. I'll tell you their names later—"

"I know them, already Senator—I found Miss Peter's little black book."

"Good work, Jimmy! Now if we can get safely to the police. Where is the book?"



Before Jimmy could answer, footsteps nearing the door silenced the two prisoners and sent them swiftly behind the filing cases. A beam of light cut the darkness as the door opened and three husky men stalked in.

Like two fleet shadows, the page boy and the Senator slipped out into the hall and were halfway down a flight of stairs before their captors discovered their escape and filled the hall with the clack of heavy, running footsteps.

"Let's try to make the Subway, Senator Grayson—it's the only way we can get away from them!" The Yankee Doodle Boy led the gray-haired statesman down the winding stairs at a fast clip till they reached the dark tunnel of the subway that leads from the right wing to the left in the capitol building.

The Senator fairly flew into the waiting car and Jimmy jumped to the controls. The car slid along its single track into the protecting shadows, as the three men dashed frantically to the platform. The Senator and the Yankee Doodle Boy chuckled with relief as the furious threats and curses came to them from the other end of the tunnel.

Several minutes later the Capitol police did a quick job of rounding up the would-be mur-

derers. And the next morning a roomful of nervous Senators, Representatives and Committee-men waited questioning before the Senate investigation committee.

"You say you have proof in Miss Peter's own handwriting that these are all the men connected with the graft ring and the murder scandal, Senator Grayson?"

"Why, yes, Jimmy, where's the notebook?"

The Yankee Doodle Boy had a curious smile on his face. He turned to Hal Jasper who sat anxiously mopping his perspiring brow.

"Daniel Webster has it. I'll go get it from him."

Jasper's eyes popped in frustrated fury as he and the rest watched Jimmy go down the hall and calmly lift the little black notebook from the outstretched palm of Daniel Webster's statue.

"So that's where he dropped it while I was chasing him!" Jasper gasped incredulously.

"Geel!" Corny's eyes were bright with admiration when he heard the story, "Maybe they'll put up a statue of you some day, Jimmy—next to Daniel Webster—the statue of the Yankee Doodle Boy!"

PAUL BUNYAN

THE WORLD'S TALLEST MAN, PAUL BUNYAN, OF THE NORTH-WEST. HE IS SO MUCH LARGER AND STRONGER, THAN THE ORDINARY HUMAN, THAT HE CAN UPROOT TREES, AND ACCOMPLISH OTHER SUCH FEATS OF TERRIFIC STRENGTH.

By
Story Weaver



C'MON, PAUL, WHILE THE MEN ARE BUILDIN' THE COOK SHACK, WE'LL SCOUT THE TERRITORY.



GEE, AINT THIS SOME TIMBER, BOSS?



YEP, WE OUGHTA CLEAN UP ON THIS DEAL!

UNKNOWN TO PAUL AND HIS BOSS, A PAIR OF FIERCE-LOOKING INDIANS FOLLOW IN THEIR TRACKS. . . .



SUDDENLY AN ARROW TEARS PAST THE BOSS AND EMBEDS ITSELF INTO A TREE.



LET'S SCRAM, WILD INDIANS!

I'LL FETCHEM



ONE INDIAN FALLS TO HIS KNEE AND TAKES CAREFUL AIM AT THE FAST CHARGING PAUL.



PAUL SIDE-STEPS AND GRABS THE ARROW IN MID AIR.



CHARGING DOWN ON THE INDIAN. PAUL PICKS HIM UP AND SHAKES HIM LIKE A BABY RATTLE.....



WHAT'S THE IDEA SHOOTIN' AT US LOGGERS, IM TAKIN' YOU BACK TO THE BOSS!



I FETCHED 'EM, BOSS!



UGH! OH GREAT PALE FACE, INDIAN MAKE MISTAKE. ME TELL YOU.



THE INDIAN EXPLAINS THAT THERE IS ANOTHER WHITE GIANT IN THE FOREST WHO IS NEARLY AS BIG AS PAUL. THIS PERSON TERRORIZES HIS FELLOW-MEN INTO LABDING FOR NOTHING..

ILL BET IT'S THAT KILLER, ONE-EYED MIKE DISOGRA!



NOW RUN ALONG, INJUN, WELL KETCH 'IM FOR YA!

I FEEL SORRY FOR THOSE INJUNS, BOSS.

THAT ONE-EYED MIKE IS CRUEL.



ONE MORNING AS PAUL AND BAGE ARE STRETCHING SHORT LOGS INTO 40 FOOT LENGTHS, A WILD YELL PIERCES THE AIR.



PULL BAGE PULL C'MON PULL!

PAUL TURNS TO SEE A BAND OF INDIANS RUNNING TOWARD HIM!



THEY MUST BE SICK THE WAY THEY'RE YELPIN'!



PAUL GOES ON STRETCHING LOGS, BUT SUDDENLY A THOUGHT COMES TO HIM.



PAUL MOUNTS THE BLUE OX AND OFF THEY GO.



GOSH, BABE, HOW'RE WE GONNA CROSS THIS LAKE? IT'S SO BIG AN' YOU CAN'T SWIM!



I GOT A IDEA - LET'S RIDE BACK ABOUT 100 PAGES...



PAUL SINKS HIS HEELS INTO BABE'S RIBS AND THEY SPEED FORWARD!



BABE RUNS SO FAST THAT HIS HOOFS DO NOT TOUCH THE WATER.



WHEW! THAT WAS NICE GOIN',
BABE... HMM LOOKS LIKE OUR
INDIAN FRIENDS!



THE INDIANS RUN AROUND THE
CABIN IN A FRENZY. HEEDLESS OF
DANGER, SOFTHEARTED PAUL
DASHES AMONGST THEM.



STOP IT, STOP IT!
ARE YOU C-CRAZY?

THE ENTIRE GROUP IS ASTOUNDED,
AND THE SURROUNDINGS BECOME
AS QUIET AS A GRAVEYARD.



SUDDENLY ONE-EYED MIKE STALKS
OUT WITH HIS RIFLE.

I'M DA BOSS AN' I'LL GIVE YA
TEN TA CLEAR OUT, OR I'LL BLEND
YA OUT!



PAUL STARTS TOWARD MIKE.

NOW, MR. ONE-EYE, DON'T POINT
THAT GUN AT ME. IT MIGHT GO OFF!



ONEEYED MIKE HAS HEARD OF PAUL
AND IS N'T TAKING ANY CHANCES.
HE SQUEEZES
THE TRIGGER.



PAUL RUSHES FORWARD BEFORE
THE BULLET LEAVES THE BARREL. HE
HAS HIS BIG HAND OVER THE
MUZZLE.



THE BULLET BACKFIRES, EXPLODING
THE GUN IN MIKE'S FACE.



BUT THIS MAKES MIKE FURIOUS,
AND HE SWINGS VICIOUSLY AT PAUL.
HE MISSES AS PAUL QUICKLY DUCKS.

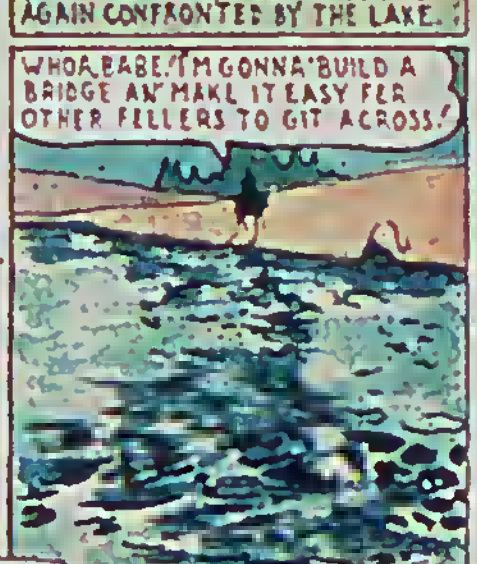




PAUL SWINGS ONE-EYE CLEAR OUT OVER THE TREE TOPS...

YOU INJUNS GIT FEAR HOME NOW. AN NO MORE FIGHTIN'!

PAUL MOUNTS BABE AND THEY HEAD BACK FOR CAMP, WHEN THEY ARE AGAIN CONFRONTED BY THE LAKE.



WORKING FEVERISHLY THROUGHOUT THE DAY, THEY COMPLETE THE RAFT-BRIDGE LATE THAT NIGHT.

PAUL ARRIVES HOME TO FIND HIS BOSS WRITING FOR HIM.

THE NEXT DAY WE FIND PAUL UPROOTING A FEW TREES.





GOOD MORNIN', PAUL. I JUST GOT NEWS THAT ONE-EYE MIKE IS OUT TO GET YA /

I'M ALWAYS AROUND, BOSS!



I'M GOIN' DOWN BY THE SWAMPERS. BE CAREFUL, PAUL!



HEARING A FISTING SOUND, PAUL TURNS AS ONE EYE LUNGES AT HIM. . .

THE KNIFE SINKS INTO PAUL'S MOUTH; BUT PAUL CLAMPS HIS STRONG TEETH ON THE BLADE STOPPING ITS PROGRESS.



HE SPINS MIKE AROUND AND HEAVES HIM TO THE GROUND.



TAKING A CHAIN THAT IS NEARBY PAUL LASSES THE TOP OF A GIANT PINE. . .



PUTTING A MIGHTY STRAIN ON THE TREE, HE BENDS IT TO THE GROUND AND PLACES MIKE ON IT.



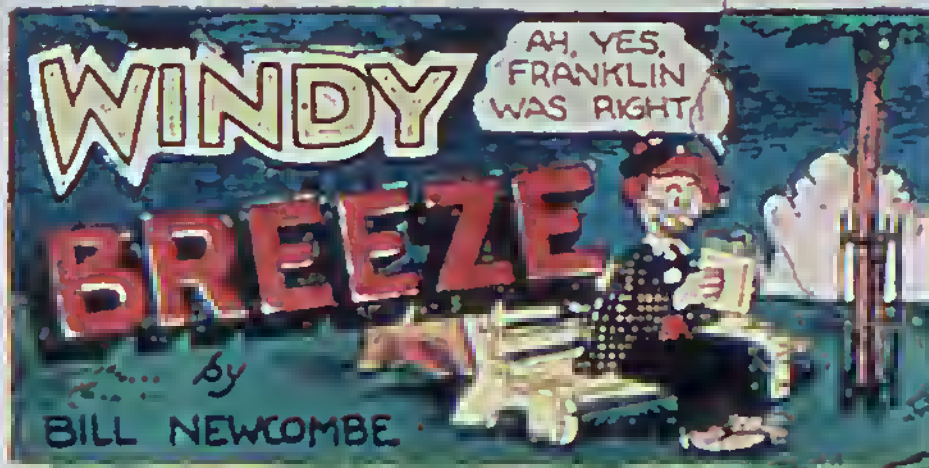
PAUL RELEASES THE CHAIN AND THE TREE SPRINGS UPWARD, CATAPULTING MIKE THROUGH SPACE.



GOSH I HOPE ONE-EYE AIN'T HURT 'CAUSE I DON'T AIM TO HARM NOBODY.



More Lumberjack Terms...
 SWAMPER - ONE WHO WORKS IN A LOWLAND.
 COOKEE - A COOK.
 COOK SHACK - A CABIN USED AS KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM.
 - MORE NEXT MONTH -





MERLIN

The Magician

By
Lance Blackwood

TWO LIVING MORTALS TRAPPED IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD... MERLIN, HEIR TO A MEDIEVAL MAGICAL POWER, COMBATS FANTASTIC ODDS IN A DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

AS DUSK FALLS UPON LONDON THE MOON, PEERING THROUGH A CLOUD, REVEALS A SPECTRAL FORM MOVING OVER THE ROOFTOPS, AS IF IN QUEST OF SOMETHING... SOMEONE...



LIGHT STREAMS OUT OF EACH WINDOW OF LORD ELLIOT'S HOME. HE AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE ENTERTAINING GUESTS AT THEIR PARTY...



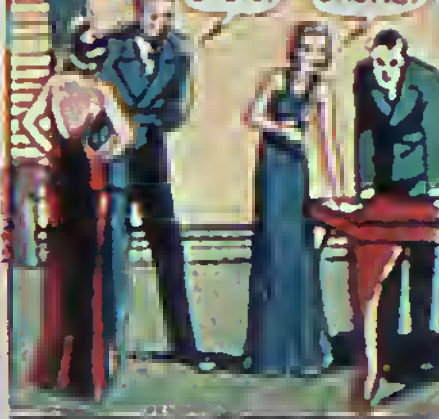
A GUEST AND LORD ELLIOT CONVERSE ON CONDITIONS IN INDIA...



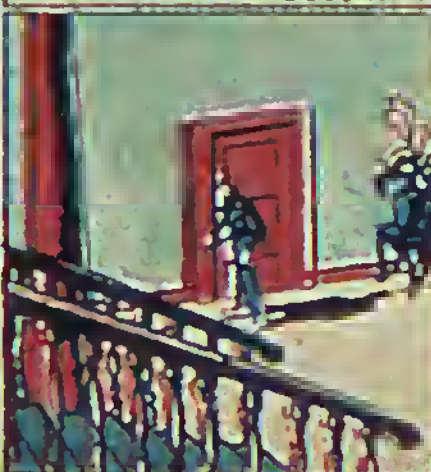
SYBIL, MEANWHILE, IS THE CENTER OF ANOTHER CONVERSATION...

WHATEVER HAS BECOME OF YOUR EX-BOY FRIEND, JOCK KELLOGG, SYBIL?

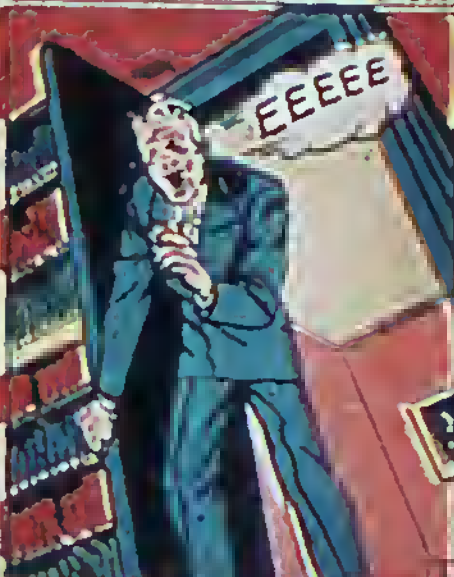
THE LAST I HEARD OF HIM HE WAS FLAT BROKE!



ELLIOT EXCUSING HIMSELF GOES TO HIS LIBRARY TO FETCH A MEMORANDUM ON ONE OF HIS NUMEROUS TRAVELS IN INDIA... HE OPENS THE DOOR....



AND IS FROZEN IN HIS TRACKS...



HEARING HIS SCREAM THE GUESTS RUSH TO THE LIBRARY.



LORD ELLIOT!
HE'S DEAD!

AND THEN TO THEIR AMAZEMENT, SYBIL VANISHES BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES...



LOOK!

SYBIL!

SCOTLAND YARD IS COMPLETELY BATTLED BY THE STRANGE MYSTERY.

Occurrence most unusual! Not a trace of the first crime died or any falling. This was reached at the coroners inquest.

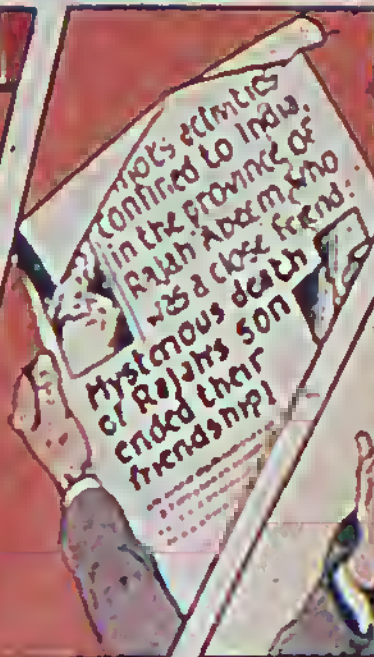
Police believe presence of another party in library caused terrific fright of Lord Elliot stopping his heart action.



MERLIN IN HIS HOTEL SUITE, ALSO READS ABOUT THE RECENT OCCURRENCES.



STRANGE! NO CLUES. NO MOTIVATION... HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?



...mysterious death confined to India. in the province of Rajah Abeem who was a close friend of Rajahs son ended their friendship!

MERLIN PUTS ON HIS CLOAK AND BEGINS TO CONCENTRATE...



SOON HIS IMAGE FREES ITSELF FROM HIS PERSON. TO ALL MORTAL EYES HE APPEARS TO BE SLEEPING.



IT LEAVES EUROPE AND CROSSES THE JUNGLES OF INDIA AND...



THERE IT IS! THE PALACE OF RAJAH SINGH ABEEM!

THE IMAGE ENTERS THE PALACE AND CONFRONTS THE PRINCE...



WHO?
LHA-

YOU MURDERED LORD ELLIOT AND SPIRITED AWAY SYBIL!

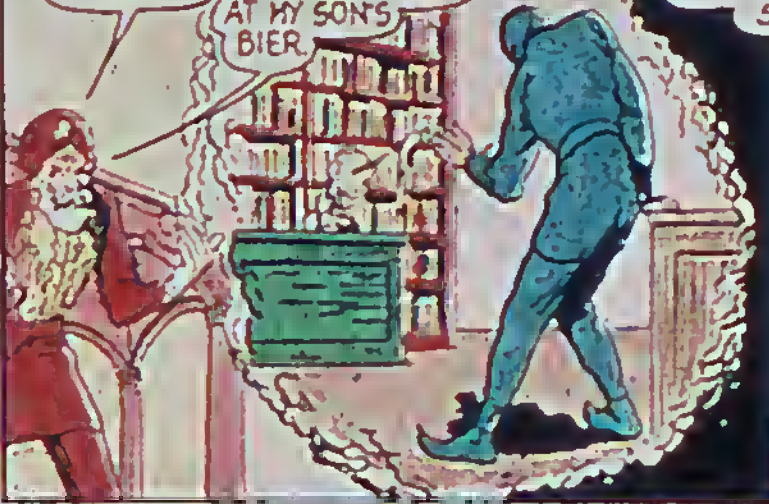


YES! I HAD REASON TO! I HAD A SON ONCE AND...

LONG AGO MY SON TOOK A JEWEL
BELONGING TO LORD
ELLIOT AND HE
KILLED HIM!

I MADE A VOW
AT MY SON'S
BIER.

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT OF THE
ANCIENT BRAHMAS SHALL AID
ME IN AVENGING YOUR
DEATH, MY BELOVED
SON!



YOU WILL NOT FIND SYBIL,
FOR SHE HAS GONE TO
THE LAND OF THE
DEAD... TO WANDER, A
LIVING BEING AMONG
THE DEAD.

FATHER!
FATHER!



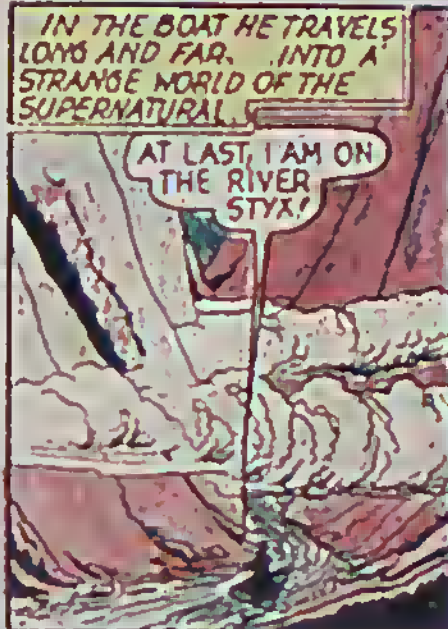
RECALLING HIS IMAGE, MERLIN
CREATES A MAGIC BOAT TO TAKE
HIM ON HIS MYSTERIOUS MISSION.



THERE MUST BE
SOME WAY OF
BRINGING HER
BACK. SHE
BELONGS
IN THIS
WORLD.

IN THE BOAT HE TRAVELS
LONG AND FAR, INTO A
STRANGE WORLD OF THE
SUPERNATURAL.

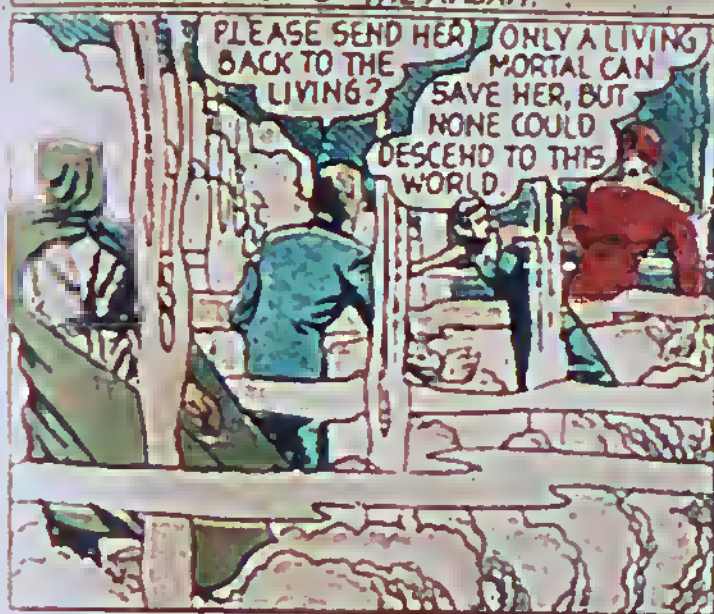
AT LAST, I AM ON
THE RIVER
STYX!



MERLIN REACHES THE BLEAK AND BARREN LAND OF THE DEAD.



SUDDENLY HE COMES UPON LORD ELLIOT PLEADING WITH THE DEAD SON OF THE RAJAH.



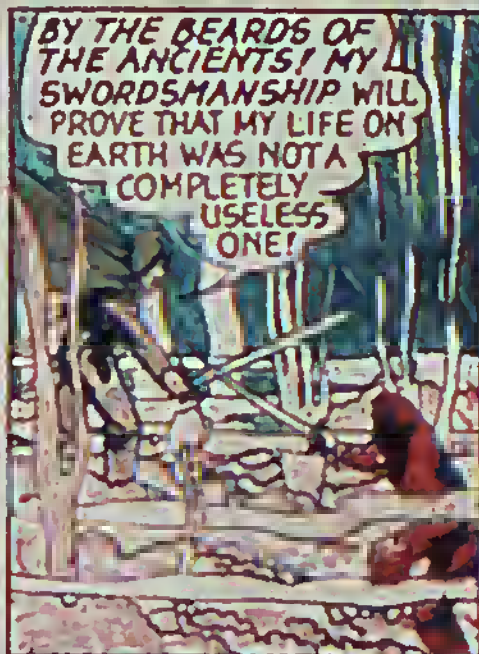
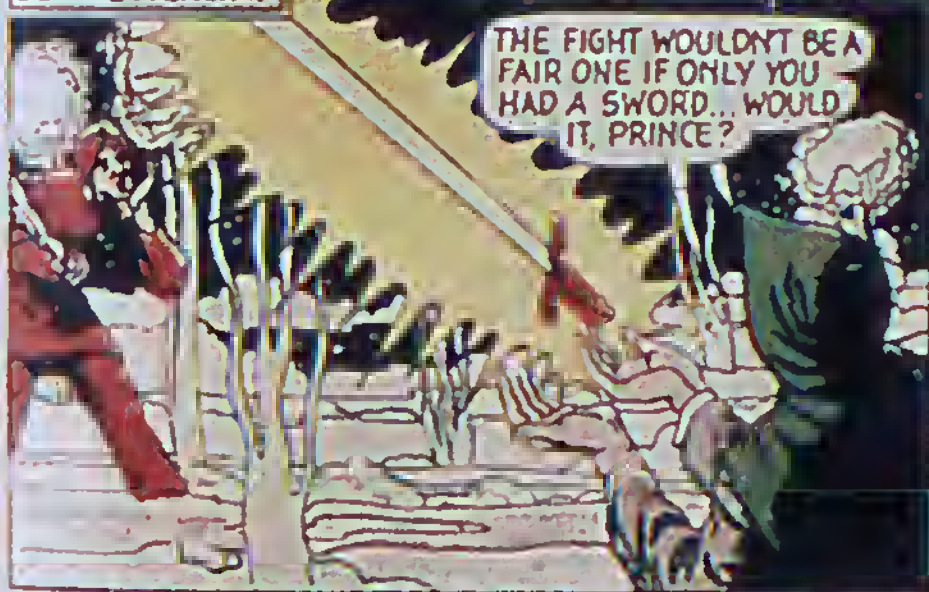
MERLIN STEPS FORTH.

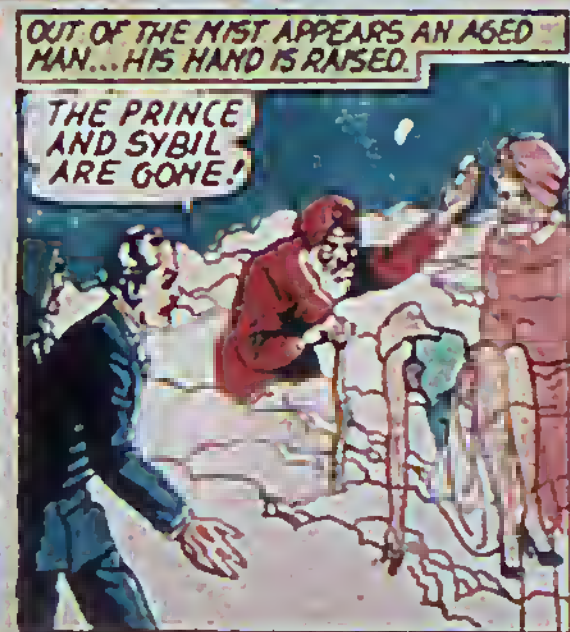
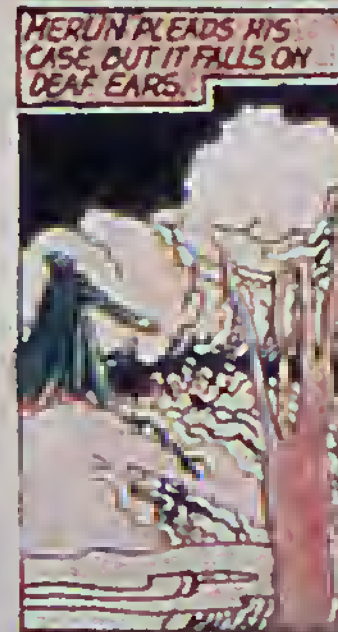
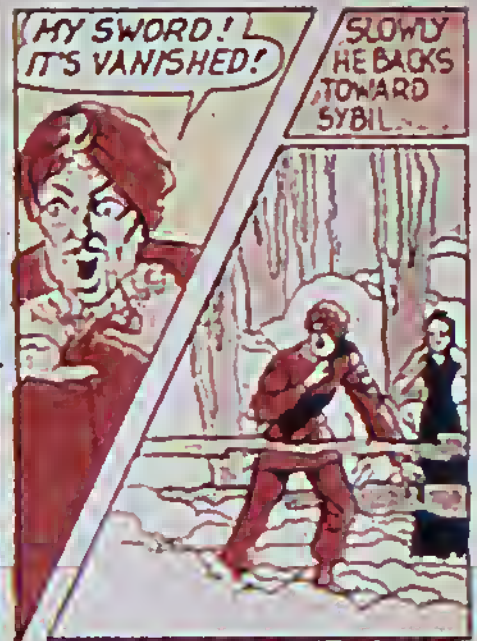


THE STARTLED HINDU RECOVERS HIS POISE.



AGAIN THE PRINCE IS STARTLED WHEN A SWORD APPEARS BEFORE MERLIN.





SINGH, ABEEM HEARS THE CRIES COMING FROM THE REGION OF THE DEAD...



HE CASTS A SPELL OVER HIMSELF AND HIS GIANT SLAVE.



THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE PALACE OF ABEEM'S SON.

FATHER! YOU HAVE COME!
SINGH!



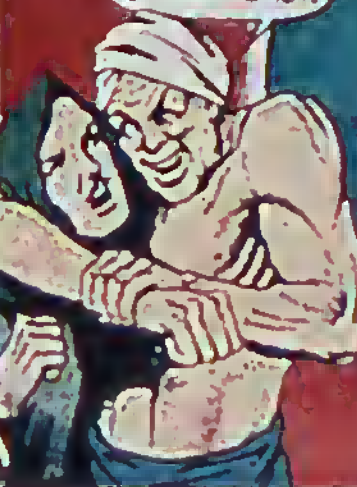
YES! AS FOR YOU, MERLIN, YOU SHALL FIGHT A LIVING MAN. NOW, MY SLAVE, ABDUL!



AND BEFORE MERLIN CAN MOVE, THE GIANT CATCHES HIM IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP.



WITH WHAT BREATH YOU HAVE LEFT, PRAY TO YOUR ALLAH, FOR IT IS YOUR LAST!



SYBIL LOOKS ON, HORRIFIED.



BUT MERLIN'S FREE FIST IS WHIPPED BACK, AND SMASHES INTO THE UNGUARDED JAW OF HIS OPPONENT.



THE GIRL IS FREE!
GOODBYE, FATHER.



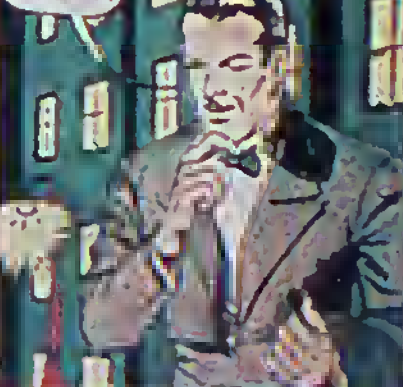
AT LAST THE WORLD OF THE LIVING, AND LONDON IT IS NIGHT AS MERLIN IS LEAVING SYBIL THE LIGHT OF THE ROOM BEAMS THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR AND FALLS ACROSS HIS FACE...



I COULD ALMOST SWEAR THAT I'VE MET YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE.



WELL, MAYBE IT'S BETTER THAT SYBIL DID NOT RECOGNIZE HER OLD PLAYBOY FRIEND.



WHAT NEW AND EXCITING ADVENTURES AWAIT MERLIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE?

Read THE BLACK CONDOR

*The Man
Who Can
Fly!*

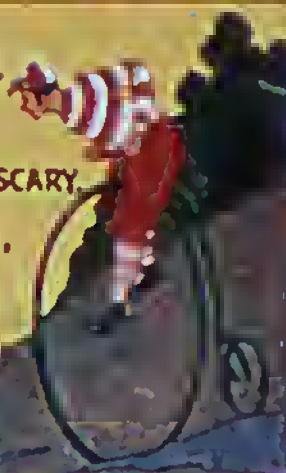


Also
IN
CRACK
COMICS
EACH
MONTH

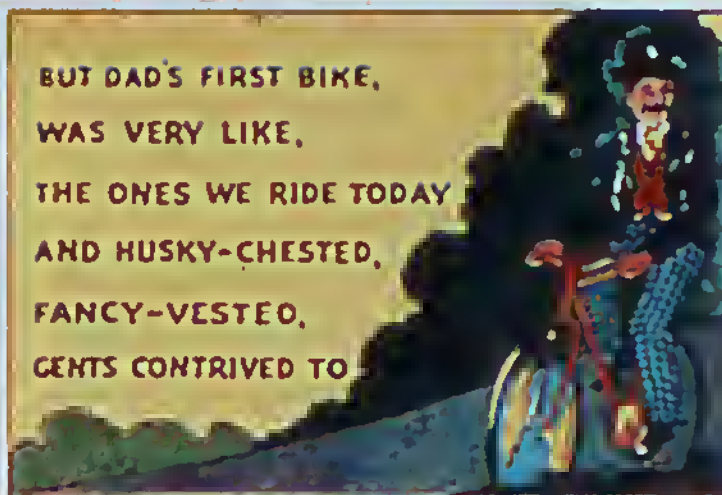
Each
Month
in **CRACK**
COMICS

THE
CLOCK,
ALIAS THE SPIDER,
JANE ARDEN, THE
SPACE LEGION,
MADAM FATAL, NED
BRANT, WIZARD
WELLS ~ AND
MANY
OTHERS

WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,
WAS JUST A LAD,
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY,
THERE WERE NO MAKES,
WITH COASTER BRAKES
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,
WAS VERY LIKE,
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,
FANCY-VESTED,
GENTS CONTRIVED TO



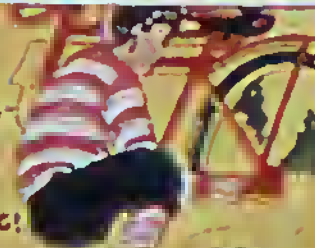
ITS MORROW BRAKE,
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING
TO SPEED, AND STOP,
AND CLIMB THE TOP,
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,
OR UNK OR MA,
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING—
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!

**BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A
MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

famous for 40 years! Don't stoppin',
easy pedaling, long coasting, more ball
bearings! 311 than any other bike. Your
bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow
Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for 311

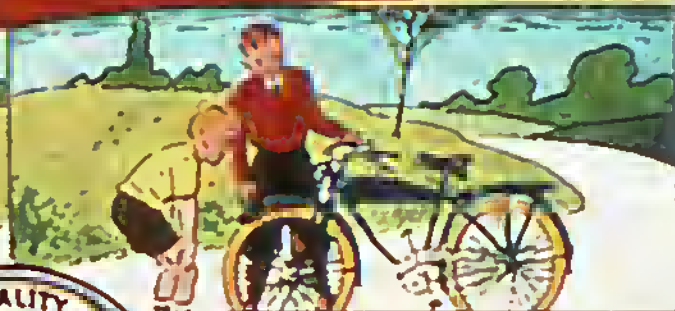


ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of Bendis-Aulman Corporation, Elms, N. Y.

FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And showed the other guys.



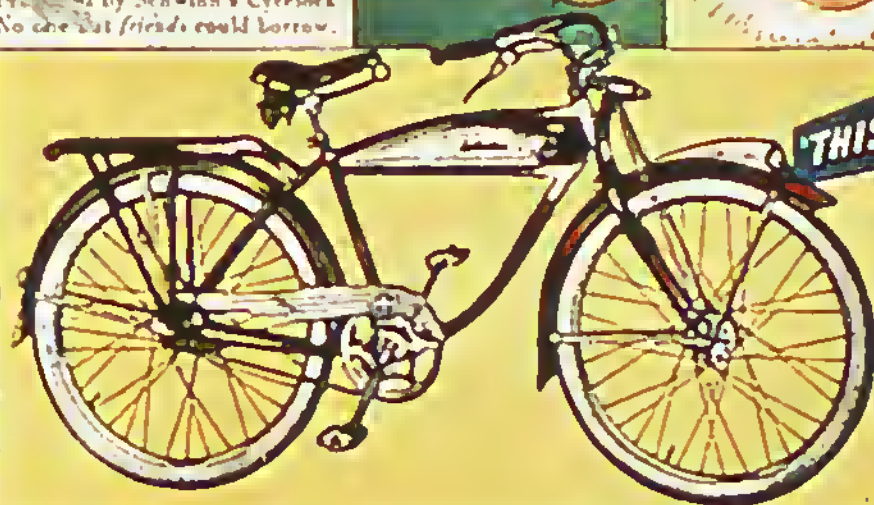
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow,
It was by Schwinn's Cyclelock
No one but friends could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in your town.



THIS IS IT!

Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring this one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you should
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for free copy of this valu-
able booklet TODAY!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON

FOR
ILLUSTRATED **FREE** Booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.

1744 N. Kedzie, Chicago, Ill.

Please send my copy of the 1940 illustrated **FREE** booklet
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

Name

Address

City